

# The Nation



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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE crisis in the Army and the State has greatly developed during the week, and various steps have been taken to dissociate the Cabinet from the Seely pledge and to restore Parliamentary control of the Army. All the gentlemen concerned in the Seely guarantee—the War Minister himself, Sir John French, and Sir Spencer Ewart—have resigned, and a new Army Order has been issued, consisting of three articles. The first forbids the questioning of officers or soldiers as to future duty. The second forbids them to ask for assurances as to orders, and the third enjoins on them

"to obey all lawful commands given to them through the proper channel either for the safeguarding of public property or the support of the civil power in the ordinary execution of its duty, or the protection of the lives and property of the inhabitants in the case of disturbance of the peace."

These articles may be criticized as putting the duty of military obedience too low and the soldier's right of

conscience a little too high, and also as applying to "ordinary" occasions rather than to "extraordinary" emergencies—such as a setting up of a rebel Government in Ulster. It may, however, be hoped that, in the words of the Chief Whip, the Government will not "flinch," and that if every officer resigns, the situation will be dealt with in the spirit of Clive rather than in that of Colonel Seely.

BUT the most significant "order" to the Army was given on Monday, when amid a scene of great enthusiasm, the Prime Minister quietly announced that he had resigned his seat in Parliament in order to become War Minister. This right and bold decision puts the Army question in the front of politics, and gives the nation the key to where authority lies. On the whole, there is reason to believe that the Army is sobered. General Gough appears, indeed, to have retained his "guarantee." But it is now waste-paper, for it appears that Lord Morley, the only remaining member of the Cabinet to whom Colonel Seely showed the "peccant paragraph," was totally unaware of the Gough letter.

MEANWHILE the fiction of the Government plot to drown Ulster in blood has been thoroughly exploded. Both Mr. Churchill and Sir John Simon showed that of the two plans submitted to the Committee of the Cabinet by Sir Arthur Paget, that of guarding stores and materials and that of formally collecting them and concentrating the Army in safe positions, the less sensational was finally adopted, and that every effort was made to avoid alarming Ulster. Further, Mr. McKenna has given in the House Sir Arthur Paget's account of his verbal communications to the officers. If this is correct, the story of the offer of an "alternative" falls to the ground. Sir Arthur declared that the only question he put, or intended to put, was whether these gentlemen were ready to place their duty before all other considerations. He also told the Ulster officers that they might withdraw temporarily, but informed other officers that if they refused to do their duty they would be dismissed. Finally, Lord Crewe and Sir Edward Grey both clearly said that coercive action would be taken against any Provisional Government proceeding to commit unlawful Acts.

ON the political side, feeling has quieted down, largely as the result of a conciliatory speech from Sir Edward Grey. This was delivered on Tuesday in the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Sir Edward made an offer and a suggestion. He declined a Referendum or the extension of the six years' option, or, indeed, any settlement which did not mean placing the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book. But he offered an early General Election, minus the plural voter, coupled with an effort to find a federal solution before the six years had expired. The election was to take place between the passing of the Home Rule Bill and the setting up of the Dublin Parliament, so that in any case Ulster will be in the hands of the Imperial Parliament until the British electorate has said whether it wishes her to stay there.

Meanwhile, there is to be no question of coercing Ulster till after an election. If force were then used, it must be met by force.

THE temper of this speech jumped with the prevailing mood of the House. Conciliation was urged from the Radical side by Mr. Ponsonby and other federalists; by Lord Hugh Cecil, who has put down a motion for constituting a Select Committee of thirty members to draw up suggestions for Irish government and for the exclusion of Ulster; by Sir Mark Sykes, one of the most sympathetic figures in the House of Commons, whose speech was, in our view, the ablest and most statesmanlike of the debate; and by Mr. Dillon, who suggested that the main Bill should be passed under the Parliament Act, and a separate amending Bill—which must be practically a Bill for the government of Ulster—passed after it. Standing aside from their leaders, it is clear that the private members in the Commons are beginning to exercise a powerful pressure for peace, and have even got to the happy point at which Liberals and Tories consult together. The moral force of this new movement is obviously great, and, apart from Ireland, is one of the happiest omens in our politics.

ON Thursday Mr. Balfour contributed a speech which rehearsed with great skill all the objections to this (or any other) Bill for settling Ireland, and set up in a modified form the doctrine of a "conscience" for the soldier. Such a doctrine, fairly upheld for officers and soldiers, must dissolve all armies, whose members now exchange the freedom of the citizen for the rather mindless obedience of the armed man, enlisted under a special code of discipline. Mr. Balfour admitted that the soldier ought to obey orders, that he was under civil control, and that he came under the ultimate authority of the Government. But he insisted that as our own Army was a "voluntary" one, yet not a mere "mercenary" levy, the State ought not to press on it questions in which its "conscience" differed from theirs. He was at once asked whether this covered the case, not merely of "pro-Ulster" officers (to use the "Spectator's" phrase), but of Pathan soldiers required to shoot down their kinsmen on the Indian frontier, or Irish Nationalists to turn out their brothers and sisters on to a bog? Mr. Samuel's general answer was to say that the Army was the arm not the brain of the State, and that mess-rooms could not be turned into debating societies. Very weakly he proceeded to deprecate the issue of the Army against the People, and declared that he would rather see the Liberal Party beaten on any other question than victorious on this. This is, of course, to accept the whole contention of the Opposition, and to ignore the fact that the issue has been raised *against* Liberalism, not *by* it.

THE House of Commons has partly, at least, undone Mr. Harcourt's denial of British citizenship. On Wednesday, Mr. Goldstone, the Labor member, moved:—

"That, in the opinion of this House, the rights of British citizens set forth in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Habeas Corpus Act, and declared and recognized by the common law of England, should be common to the whole Empire, and their inviolability should be assured in every self-governing Dominion."

It is surprising that a Liberal Minister should shy at this assertion of an historic right, which, as Lord Hugh Cecil satirically remarked, is easier defended outside than inside the British Empire. But he was compelled to accept it with modifications, which made the resolution read as follows:—

"That, in the opinion of this House, the rights of British citizens, set forth in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Habeas Corpus Act, as representing the freedom of the subject, are those which this House desires to see applied to British subjects throughout the Empire."

This, of course, is a remonstrance, not an order, and we entirely agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that it was strong remonstrance from the Imperial Government which was originally called for.

ON the eve of the General Election the Special Commission of the Chamber has presented the French voter with a desolating document on the influence of finance upon politics. The report on the Rochette scandal was drafted by M. Jaurès, who carried its text by a threat of resignation. It is quietly worded, and judicial in tone, and though its effect is to reduce the dimensions of an affair grossly inflated by the reactionary press, it certainly is not an essay in whitewashing. The main facts, as the report elucidates them, are that M. Monis, at the suggestion of M. Caillaux, intervened in the regular course of justice to procure a delay in the trial of the fraudulent company-promoter, Rochette. They are acquitted of any corrupt or interested motive, but censured for a deplorable misuse of influence. Their motive was partly to oblige Rochette's advocate, the friend and former advocate of M. Caillaux, and partly to buy off the revelations into the whole working of finance which Rochette threatened to make in self-defence. The corrupt element, if there was corruption, came from the editor of the "Rappel," a Radical journal, who influenced both Ministers. The result of the postponement was to allow Rochette to continue his frauds, and finally to escape from France before his trial and sentence.

THE judges concerned are censured for their subservience to Ministerial influence. Of M. Briand it is said that he lied before the former commission of inquiry and helped to conceal the truth. The sorriest part of the whole affair is that of M. Barthou, who is sternly censured for appropriating the official document in which the Procurator-General, M. Fabre, complained of the pressure to which he had weakly submitted. The main facts emerge quite clearly, though some points remain obscure, and some conflicts of statement are left inevitably undecided. Neither of the two chief groups emerge clean from the inquiry. If MM. Monis and Caillaux are censured, so also are MM. Briand and Barthou, and to the English reader it seems that the stain on the personal character of the latter statesmen is much the deeper. They acted dishonorably, while MM. Monis and Caillaux were guilty only of the average politician's every-day sin of preferring to stifle an embarrassing scandal. The moral that finance must be divorced from politics is drawn in some eloquent paragraphs. But how? M. Jaurès has his strategy, but the Commission in its collective capacity has nothing to suggest.

WE are glad to see that Sir John Simon is working to put woman suffrage into its proper place on the Liberal programme. He told the Manchester Reform Club on Saturday that the question could not indefinitely take a back seat, and that militancy could make no difference to Liberal faith in it any more than Irish violence was allowed to obstruct Home Rule. He admitted the Prime Minister's hostility, but pleaded that Mr. Asquith had done his best to give the fullest opportunity of raising this question. This ought to mean, we think, that the Prime Minister will make woman suffrage a Government policy as soon as the House of Commons gives him his mandate.



THE situation in the New Hebrides appears to be growing worse rather than better. The Archipelago, it will be remembered, is under the administration of an Anglo-French Condominium. But local conflicting interests have rendered abortive the Anglo-French Convention of 1906, from which so much had been hoped. The result is that a veritable license has been given to crime. In defiance of the authorities, and in gross violation of the 1906 Convention, arms, ammunition, and alcohol are freely sold, whilst the slave traffic has been revived on a considerable scale. At an important conference held at the Whitehall Rooms on Tuesday last, it was decided to ask Sir Edward Grey to receive a deputation after Easter. The matter is rather critical, and the Admiralty and both the Foreign and Colonial Offices are concerned in finding a solution for it. It is not denied that the Convention has failed in its objects, but what is to be done to give effective administration to the 6,000 odd square miles of island territory? Opinion in the Antipodes is strongly in favor of buying out the French interest, but French colonials are asking for a territorial *quid pro quo* elsewhere. In these circumstances, Sir Edward Grey has been pressing upon the French Government the possibility of holding an Anglo-French conference. We have reason to believe this proposal has, within the last few days, been accepted by the French Government.

PRESIDENT WILSON has won a first victory in his struggle to open the Panama Canal on equal terms to the world's shipping, but the main battle is still to come. Against the influence of Speaker Clark, against a revolt in his own party, and, above all, against Irish influences and the Jingo incitements of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, the Lower House of Congress gave a majority of 85 for the Bill amending the preferential tolls system. The size of the majority was quite unexpected. But the issue in the Senate is thought to be very doubtful. There party discipline is even slacker, and the shipping interest is stronger. It is doubtful whether the President is popular among the professional politicians, whose stronghold is the Senate. He is too much an Aristides, and his cold, firm morality is resented by the manipulators of the machine. The Senate is never so happy as when it is trampling on some essay towards a higher international morality. Here lie risks certainly of obstruction, and perhaps of defeat. But the President has shown himself the greatest leader who has in our time held his office. His good fortune is so far unbroken, and past services speak for him with an accumulating insistence.

THE date fixed for the evacuation by the Greek troops of the districts which are variously described as Southern Albania and Northern Epirus has gone by, and the Greek forces still remain. More serious is the organization of the local autonomist movement, which has proceeded behind the screen of Greek troops under Greek ex-officials and ex-officers. It is clear that Albania has as yet no adequate force to deal with its Ulster. Prince William, if he elected to fight, might indeed summon the warlike Northern clans to his standard, but apart from the folly of making a civil war, this would only strengthen the power of the most dangerous man in Albania, the notorious Essad Pasha, who chafes to lead an army. Prince William has so far made a deplorably negative impression. An imaginative, sympathetic personality who would play the rôle of a feudal patriot king could rule Albania with ease; but he is apparently a crowned functionary, who sits all day in his office-palace with the doors closed. The wise course is doubtless to make ample concessions to the Greek party. They are

all Albanians by race and language, in spite of their Hellenic culture and religion. Let Albania deserve their loyalty, and in time they will rally to it.

A SERIOUS crisis in the Yorkshire coal trade has brought the country within sight of a strike affecting 170,000 men. The difficulty has arisen over the interpretation of Sir Edward Clarke's award under the Minimum Wage Act. The coalowners contend that his award of 7s. 3d. a day, given last January, annuls the three advances obtained by mutual agreement through the Conciliation Board. The men argue that they ought to have the benefit of those three advances, and that, therefore, the minimum should be 7s. 11d., the three advances amounting to 8d. The interpretation was to be further discussed by the Coal Conciliation Board, but the men have taken matters into their own hands and ceased work. The consequences of a strike on this scale would, of course, be very grave and widespread. The quarrel in the building trade seems no nearer settlement as the London Master Builders' Association have refused to accept the recommendations of the Conciliation Board. The men's unions have now asked those employers for whom union men are still working because they were not asked to sign the obnoxious agreement, to leave that association, and several have done so. In Norfolk, the farm laborers have accepted the advance of a shilling, the question of the Saturday half-holiday being left over for consideration.

JOHN STARCHFIELD was on Wednesday acquitted of the murder of his five years' old son in a carriage on the North London Railway. Mr. Bodkin, who conducted the prosecution with much fairness, threw up the case after a plain hint from the judge. It was indeed vitiated from the first by the loose conduct of the coroner in allowing witnesses to correct their evidence from type-written proofs at their own homes. But its vital weakness arose from the conditions under which murder trials are now conducted under the eye and with the assistance of the sensational illustrated press. No motive was publicly alleged against the father, who set up an untested alibi. The question was one of constructive identification. It is not certain that anyone saw the murder committed. A signalman saw a man struggling in the train with somebody who might have been a boy or a girl. The couple might have been Starchfield and his son, another man and the boy, or another man and a woman. Thus far, no real identification was possible.

To fill the gap three witnesses were called, two men and a woman—all of whom swore to meeting Starchfield and the child together either at Camden Town Railway Station or in the streets at a time when it was possible to say that the man contemplated this crime. One of these persons alleged that he knew the man—i.e., that he was accustomed to his appearance. One of them saw him at a distance. All spoke positively, but gave inconsistent accounts of his clothing or of the child's. Yet they did not appear dishonest. The weak point of their testimony was their familiarity with Starchfield's portrait, which had been printed or placarded all over London. One newspaper had also added a second stimulant—a reward. As no further evidence of identity was forthcoming, Mr. Hemmerde, the prisoner's counsel, felt himself justified in suggesting that the witnesses' view was largely the effect of newspaper "suggestion." The opposite theory would be that they were truthful observers, but not accurate on points of detail—as, indeed, few people are. In any case, this press interference with murder trials tends in one direction—that is to say, to make the death penalty impossible. You cannot hang people on evidence which looks like thought-transference.

## Politics and Affairs.

### COMPROMISE AND NO COMPROMISE.

EVEN the least theatrical community admires the *beau geste* in its public men; and the Prime Minister's decision to place himself at the post of difficulty gives him at once a sensible addition to his personal influence and an intimate touch with the question of the hour. Mr. Asquith's intellectual hold over the nation is at this moment unrivalled, while the Army must feel itself at once flattered and steadied by his direct association with it. The Prime Minister's action in becoming Secretary for War recalls the officers of the Curragh and elsewhere to the duty which they assure us they never meant to disobey, while it emphasizes both the seriousness of their behavior and the supremacy of the power against which it has been invoked. Mr. Asquith is not only the most powerful civilian in the country. He is the head of the Cabinet; and he and they are completely disentangled from all pledges, promises, guarantees, or arrangements suggested by his predecessor at the War Office, and are free to act against all offenders, be their rank what it may, as the nature of their conduct requires. If the Army is to be dissevered from politics, to which Lord Roberts and Mr. Bonar Law have labored to attach it, it must understand that the Executive Government permits no limitations to its duty of supporting the Crown.

That is a universal proposition, but it has special application to the Irish difficulty. If the officers of the Army refuse to act against Ulster, should she set up a rival Government to the King's, and actively obstruct and defeat a law sanctioned by Parliament, they become accomplices in high treason, for every act and order for which the Provisional Government made itself responsible would be treasonable. But they would also make the Army an instrument for the coercion of Nationalist Ireland. If the Home Rule Bill is broken down through the action or inaction of the Army, a return to coercive methods for the South and West is inevitable. That would be the consequence of the success of General Gough's attempt to extract a pledge "not to coerce Ulster." It would mean that the Army would presently be called on to march, not against a province, but against a nation. Soldiers would then be put a new series of questions of conscience, only this time they would come from the Nationalists and would be addressed less to the officer than to the private. Thus, through the path which Lord Roberts has opened up to the force he once led, we come to a real disruption of the Army, as well as to the ruin of Ireland. There lies the fruit of Lord Roberts's pledge to take "any action" to "prevent" the Army from carrying out Home Rule. That he, who is as inveterate a politician as General Mercier, should now disclaim politics for the Army, is, indeed, a tardy sign of grace; but it is, we fear, entirely dissociated from any clear notion of what a political army would come to. Bad politics, with Lord Roberts—politics which the Army must not touch—are Liberal politics. His own politics are law, order, fundamental morality, and, for aught we know, Divine Providence Himself. In the same spirit, Mr. Balfour

proclaims a "conscience" for the soldier, when he means the anti-Liberal and anti-Labor "conscience" of the average officer, and couples his charter with the mental reserve to have no truck with the "conscience" that sticks at an Irish eviction or a collision with Welsh miners.

But, indeed, every word spoken by Unionists in this controversy testifies to the need of a firm assertion of the supremacy of the Civil Power. What, for example, is the meaning of their discovery of a Ministerial "plot" to overwhelm Ulster? Its vulgar party significance may be taken to be that the sham plot was invented to cover up the real plot—the plot concocted by Mr. Law, Lord Roberts, Sir Edward Carson, and divers smaller persons—to seduce the Army (the King having failed them) from its duty. So far as it implies the charge that Ministers were eager to shed blood, it means that the wickedness of their hearts had led them on to the device best calculated to ruin their policy. It is hardly, indeed, necessary to answer, as Mr. Churchill answered, that no "provocative" action was suggested to the officers, and that of the two courses proposed to them, the protection of the stores and the retirement of the Army from various threatened points in Ulster, the Government chose the less sensational and the more urgent. But we can measure the real spirit of Toryism when we read that Mr. F. E. Smith, who, in an earlier speech, avowed that his party had called in the "arbitrament of the sword" as an appeal from the "despotism of a corrupt Parliament," considered Sir Edward Carson and his levies justified in resisting the Army's attempt to occupy "decisive strategical positions in Ulster." What distance separates such talk from rank treason? An illegal force virtually occupies a province in the British Isles. It drills, it smuggles in arms, it avowedly awaits the orders of a rebel Ministry already in being and even named by Sir Edward Carson and his confederates. We are now instructed that the territory it thus occupies is shut off from peaceful occupation—for no soldier would be ordered to fire on unresisting men—by the British Army. The King is thus ordered off his own ground. He is an intruder, as the Jacobites considered George II. to be when the Young Pretender set up his Court in Edinburgh. For months, these Carsonite levies have been treated as if they were a lawful army. The Imperial Government has affected not to see them. Not a magistrate who has forwarded their designs has been struck off the Commission of the Peace; not an officer who has been planning the defeat of Parliament has been removed from the Army List. And now a simple "containing" movement on the part of that Army becomes a "plot" against the well-being of the realm. Was such audacity of speech and thought ever used in a modern Parliament?

It is because of this extreme license and of the ills it has already brought upon the community that we greatly doubt whether the Ministry can avoid a direct appeal to the nation to confirm the power of Parliament and to unseat the rival claim set up on behalf of the Army. We make no general attack on the Army; it has been greatly abused and somewhat mishandled, and if some simple-minded men have succumbed to temptation, Liberals will make in their hearts a not ungenerous allowance for such weakness. But the hard fact stands that, so far as we can discover, the



Opposition have not abandoned their claim that the Army shall be absolved from carrying out the law of Parliament, even when it is confronted with high treason. That issue we must and will have out. No shadow of compromise is possible in regard to it. If and when Ulster sets up a rebel Government, that Government must be put down. But when we come to the ground of political concession, we take back nothing from our earlier attitude towards it. It is a hard path to tread, and either through malice or sheer incapacity to measure the public good, every speech of Mr. Bonar Law makes it harder still. But if we are asked whether in truth the case of Ulster is suitable for what Sir Edward Grey called "settlement by force," we answer again, "No." If it is put to us that Home Rulers, Irish as well as Liberal, should take even a partial or a maimed settlement, rather than a strong settlement soiled by blood, we answer "Yes—a hundred times, Yes." If it is peaceably suggested on the Tory side that without setting up a bar to the final unity of Ireland, the two parties—acting, we are glad to think, through the free initiative of Parliament—might agree to accept the present Bill as a temporary solution while preparing together a federal scheme, and building up an *interim* arrangement for Ulster, we should be loth to repel such a proposition.

For indeed, the parties are not so far apart. All—Tories, Liberals, and Nationalists—agree that Home Rule is inevitable. All agree that if Ulster is to come in to a Home Rule scheme, she had better come in willingly. All again agree that it is better, in view of the heat and passion of the hour, to leave her temporarily as she is. All know that it is bad for her to be dis severed from Ireland, and, on the other hand, feel that she must not be permitted to block Home Rule for the rest of Ireland. All agree that it might be well to have a consultation with the electorate before a Home Rule Parliament is actually set up. And many men on both sides think a federal solution preferable to the method of the Bill. These, we think, are the general bases of such agreed feeling and opinion as exist in the country, and are reflected in the remarkable movement from the back benches of the House of Commons. On this point and on that there are no doubt mental reserves. The Tories want the whole province to be exempted, thus doing the gravest injustice to the large Catholic minority, and others, again, are really fighting either for a party advantage or for the destruction of the Bill as a whole. Considering the entire absence of debate on the federal question, we must all doubt whether an acceptable scheme can at once be constructed. It is for statesmen to give precise definition to the measure of consent which actually prevails, and to take into account the desire of reasonable and placable men on both sides to settle the Irish question without an internecine quarrel. But—the Bill must be passed, and the appeal to military force repelled. There is a national will for peace. Let it be respected. But there is a national will for existence, and when that is threatened, it comes first.

#### AN UNSATISFACTORY COMMITTEE.

So great and growing is the need for a thorough-going revision of the relations between national and local

finance that the report of the Departmental Committee just issued has roused feelings of deep disappointment. The rise of expenditure upon local services has been so continuous and so rapid as to arouse deep feelings of alarm among ratepayers, and to cripple the efficiency and progress of local government. Indeed, the cry of the distressed ratepayer has been in some respects the most real and potent force in recent politics. For most of those acts of government which come home to the citizen in tangible and duly realized results fall in the category of local administration. He recognizes the need for growing expenditure upon such services, but the unfairness and inadequacy of local finances everywhere confronts him. Yet the general growth of wealth is such that this close parsimony is quite unreasonable. Hence the demand that the wider public, represented by the national exchequer, shall give more generous assistance to the local services, by means of a large extension of grants in aid to those services which, in their nature and their benefits, are national as well as local. The general trend of thought has been towards recognizing that Education, Poor Law, Police, Main-roads, and certain Public Health Services, though local in their first intent, are by reason of the growing mobility of population and of intercourse more definitely national in their results. Considerable contributions have come from the national Exchequer towards these objects, but they have not kept full pace with the expenditure from the rates. This grievance is acknowledged by the Committee, and a not particularly potent remedy is applied in the shape of enlarged contributions towards such "semi-national services." The most important item in their practical proposals is the increased grant for elementary education, amounting to a sum of £2,385,000. Other proposed increases amount to a further sum of £2,315,000. Considering that the total cost of these services, recognized by the former Royal Commission as essentially "national," amounted in 1911-12 to no less a sum than £54,869,000, it can hardly be said that the Committee's proposal of a net increase of £4,700,000 errs on the side of generosity.

Still less satisfactory is the Report in its treatment of proposals for the reform of method and incidence of local taxation. It is startling to find the majority of a Committee appointed by a Liberal Government committing themselves to the crudest criticism and wholesale condemnation of the separate and special taxation of site values. The present basis of rating is defended upon the ground that it is the best available indication of "ability to pay." By this contention the Committee appear to mean that the house a man lives in is a sound index of income, and that this size of total income should be the true basis for rating. The complete fallaciousness of such reasoning is exposed by the Minority Report, which points out that the proportion of a family's expenditure in house-rent is commonly in inverse proportion to its income, and that, as regards a very large proportion of premises, those used for business purposes, there is no correspondence whatever between income and present ratable value. The fact is that the Committee falls between two stools. If their contention that ability to pay local rates ought really to depend upon general income were sound, then a direct local income-tax is a far more equitable basis than the rating of real property

alone. But they reject with decision, indeed with contempt, the proposal that a local income-tax shall even be made a contributory source, upon the ground on which the Treasury has consistently opposed all schemes for a scientific and equitable income-tax, viz., that it involves a substitution of direct personal assessment for collection at the source. The theory that the present rating system is in itself a sort of local income-tax is not seriously arguable, especially if one bears in mind that the ultimate incidence of such parts of the present rate as fall on land values must in the long run be borne, not by the occupier (with whose income the Committee professes to concern itself), but by the landowner.

On the other hand, if a truly scientific meaning be given to "ability to pay," it is measurable not by the general income of the occupier, or even of the landlord, but by that portion of his income which is "unearned" and is therefore unable to shift the tax imposed on it. According to the "land-values" group, site-values alone have this ability to pay; the rate imposed on them will be wholly defrayed out of a volume of wealth created by the very community whose wants it will supply when it is expended. Though we hold that this doctrine is carried to illicit lengths when it insists that land-values absorb all forms of unearned income, and that there are no other "rents," or unearned wealth, save those which pass to landowners, we are not the less disposed to urge that the case for relieving improvements of the bulk of the burden of rates which they bear now is thoroughly sound. The whole of the reasoning by which the Committee defend the present basis is riddled with error. It is untrue that the normal effect of rating upon land-values would be, as they assert, to produce increased congestion of buildings. The general effect would be to extend the building areas. Where, as is possible, this congestive tendency did exhibit itself in central sites, it could and should be curbed by local regulations.

There is, no doubt, some force in the objection that the recent imperial taxes upon increments and undeveloped lands have in a measure interfered with and superseded the rating of these values. But that objection only emphasizes the need of a more thorough readjustment of the whole relations between imperial and local finance. Towards this important and pressing need, the Report of the Committee is a sadly meagre contribution. It makes some insufficient proposals for the relief of the burden of rates, but it virtually rejects all schemes for improving the incidence of local taxation or for combining rating areas so as to remove the inequalities of rate-burdens. Its best work consists in detailed suggestions for the improvement of the technical machinery of rating. A committee of this sort is evidently quite unfitted for the consideration of the larger principles and policy which underlie local taxation.

#### BLACKMAILING A STATE.

THE revolver of Madame Caillaux is certainly a weapon with a formidable recoil. It has shaken a Ministry, driven from politics the ablest Frenchman of affairs, and involved in scandal no less than four ex-Premiers. These personal disasters are of secondary interest to the foreign

spectator. For us in England MM. Monis and Barthou are shadowy figures, office-holders, who have come and gone, and left no impress on the page of history; if MM. Briand and Caillaux are men of real energy and initiative, it cannot be said even of them that they have deflected the course of European affairs. On a broader view, however, this too dramatic scandal which has spattered the Republic with its bloodstained mud is deeply interesting, for it illuminates the whole connection of politics with finance in France. The spectator who seeks to understand it must grub among the deepest roots of the social structure of France. One has to remember that the French have become a nation of investors, in the same sense that we in England are a nation of traders, that France exports capital as we export cottons and iron-ware, and that the fortunes of this or the other foreign loan are for France a concern more intimate and more widespread than anything material in our own economic life, unless it be the price of coal. The root of it all is, we suppose, the root of the most fundamental things in society, the relations of men and women. It is the institution of the dowry which has made thrift a necessity and investment a duty in every rank of French society. A Jabez Balfour among ourselves sapped the comfort of a great number of inoffensive but rather helpless people, who invest for their old age or to secure the future of a widow or an unmarried daughter. A Rochette among the French attacks every family which hopes to perpetuate itself, the father who saves, the daughter who will marry on his savings, and the neighbor's son who counts her dowry.

It is this national consciousness that saving and investing are the chief French concerns, as manufacturing and trading are with us, which has prepared the way for the connection of politics with finance. With us, in spite of evident fallacies and absurdities, the vague conviction somehow persists that one kind of government is good and another bad for "trade." In France, the assumption is that somehow the Government is watching over the national savings bank. The assumption is not a vague illusion. Everything in France is regulated, and finance is everything. The Bourse is placed under the formal control of the Ministry of Finance. Foreign investments must receive a special authorization before they may be quoted. Finance follows the flag, and the flag follows finance. The Russian Alliance meant Russian investments, and the policy of the Republic in the Near East and in Latin America is inevitably bound up with the operations of French banks. The theory of the thing is clear and reasonable. Investment may be an instrument of diplomacy, a tool of penetration, a source of vast influence, and equally in the policy of a World-Power, it may be an embarrassment and a burden. It ought to be controlled. But the more a modern State seeks to control finance, the greater incentive does it offer to the financiers to capture the machinery of the State. The banks have become in France what the trusts are in America. They dominate politics. They own the Press. They control the feebly organized parties.

Against such a background as this, the Rochette scandal becomes intelligible. The main fact about this notorious personage is sufficiently simple. He was a company promoter who succeeded by a long series of



frauds in robbing the French investor of about two millions sterling. For this crime, after nearly three years of dilatory legal proceedings, he was condemned, after his flight and disappearance, to a penalty which any burglar who had taken a few silver spoons would think comparatively merciful—three years' imprisonment. The political question turns on the postponement of his trial, his liberation after a brief preliminary detention, and the slack surveillance which facilitated his flight. What did it mean? Complicity, of course, in his crimes, say the reactionary critics of the Republic, on the part of some Minister. The bare facts are beyond dispute. M. Monis, as Premier, intervened on a request from his colleague, M. Caillaux, for the postponement of the trial. But, unfortunately for this too simple theory, their term of power was brief, and their numerous successors were equally culpable in tolerating the interminable delays of a trial which only allowed Rochette to extend and continue his ingenious frauds. But, undoubtedly, a great part of the responsibility falls on M. Caillaux. His own explanation is really more interesting, and in a sense more damning, than all the vague suspicions against him. No one has been able to show that he was personally intimate with Rochette, or shared in any of his ventures. His own story is, first, that he owed an obligation of gratitude to Rochette's counsel, who had acted for him in his private affairs; and, secondly, that Rochette through his counsel had threatened a sweeping exposure of the whole system of "Republican" finance. He was the frank outsider, the disreputable, if successful, adventurer. But he had compiled a rather deadly book, which a discreet middleman of the politico-financial *demi-monde* was allowed to see in proof. It was a statistical history of the last twenty years of investment in France. Here was the record of all the really respectable popular "issues," foreign loans, foreign railways, and the like, the ventures promoted by the most impeccable banks, the operations recommended by boards which number ex-Ministers among their directors. It was a history of inflated values, high commissions, and the inevitable fall of prices, which showed, we are told, a net loss to the French investor of four hundred millions sterling. A malicious parallel chapter described how similar institutions in England and Germany had made in the same period a gain of 680 millions. All this would figure in Rochette's defence at the trial, and the book would be behind it. Rochette had already spent a third of a million on "publicity" for his various ventures; the press might be trusted to do something for a client so munificent. M. Caillaux had already a sufficiently nauseating scandal on his hands—the defalcations of the liquidator Duez, amid which so much of the confiscated wealth of the religious orders had evaporated. He did not want to have to answer as Minister a fresh series of accusations which might readily be so handled as to suggest that the whole Republican political world was nothing but a vast fraudulent concern engaged in robbing the small investor.

On our reading of the facts, this unpublished book of the audacious Rochette is really the centre of the affair. He blackmailed the Republic, and M. Caillaux happened to be the Minister in power at the moment; the chances are that any other of these none too scrupu-

lous and none too courageous politicians would have acted as he did. Into the details of the affair it would be tedious to enter. It is a morass of meanness, disloyalty, and lying. Ministers give orders to judges; legal officials bend to pressure and take their revenge by making revelations; one Minister has an eavesdropper concealed behind a curtain; another steals a State paper, hides it for three years, and at last produces it to destroy a rival. Finance, in short, has done more to degrade politics than any other alien interest in social history. Good observers tell us that the French public is stupefied, indignant, and resolved to make a sweeping change. But to what group or party can it turn? M. Barthou cuts in this affair an even sorrier figure than MM. Caillaux and Monis. The whole motive of the Opposition is, moreover, to destroy the party which proposes to levy an income-tax. It is more entirely the organ of finance than the group which it is attacking. Outside this unclean welter there stands only one party with an honorable record. One hopes that the coming elections may make of M. Jaurès the arbiter of French affairs, and place in his hands a power which will be used for honest politics and European peace.

### A London Diary.

THE House of Commons seems to shift uneasily between the passions of party and its sense of public danger. So far as the Opposition leaders are concerned, it is, I am afraid, an unfortunate but quite undeniable truth that the latter mood only prevails when they realise the extreme consequences of indulging in the former. In a sense, their party is to be commiserated. It is plagued with an incompetent leader, who, in his turn, is afflicted with an uncontrollable tongue. The situation is both comic and tragic. Beside Mr. Law sits a man unequalled in his command of the delicacy of language; in front of him a man as matchless in his mastery of its preciseness. Thus Mr. Law sits condemned to a constant exhibition of second-rateness. He is not without a certain political sharpness and boldness, but he has no *finesse*, or, perhaps, I should say, no knowledge of the finer uses of speech, so that phrases slip from his lips either half-formed, or expressive only of the hard, rough edges of thought. Add to this that though he lacks ascendancy with his colleagues and with the moderate Tory Party outside, he pleases the extremists, and you have a situation not too favorable to the settlement which nearly everybody in his heart desires.

BUT not altogether unfavorable. Parliament has at last begun to think for itself. On both sides a strong pacific movement has sprung up from the back benches, in which, perhaps, one hundred members are concerned. The leaders on both sides are federalists, and on this ground at least find themselves in substantial agreement. Both favor a system of devolution to national assemblies—English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish—from the Imperial Parliament. Both, I think, would let the Home Rule Bill go through, stripped, perhaps, of its anti-federal features, subject to

an agreement to set up an organ for the working out of a federal system within the six years' grace. But on the substance of such a scheme there are differences. As to Ulster, some Tories would propose to give Ireland two subordinate assemblies, making Ulster a separate unit for an *indefinite* period. No Liberal or Nationalist would, I think, consent to this, but I doubt whether it is a fixed point. There are also the standing divergences between the two parties as to the constitution and the powers of a Second Chamber, joined to the feeling of the Radicals that if you constitute local authorities with full powers, you do not want the Imperial body divided into two parts. Nevertheless, the moral force of this movement is great, and is rapidly growing, for it derives in some degree from the sickened reaction against the effects of the Law-Roberts campaign for seducing the Army.

THE general facts about the Cabinet and the guarantees are obviously quite clear. It was, I believe, at a late period that they knew that any document had been drawn up at the War Office for presentation to the officers. Its existence was, indeed, revealed by a casual question put by a member to Colonel Seely. Even when it was forthcoming, and the Cabinet, or let us say the Prime Minister and members of the Cabinet, had considered it, no one but Colonel Seely knew anything at all of General Gough's demand for assurances. Even without that knowledge, the document, which was a long one, was cut to pieces by the Prime Minister's blue pencil, and there was never a thought of passing any such paragraph as that which Colonel Seely presented to General Gough. Lord Morley's part in the whole matter was very small. He was thinking of the Government's general attitude to Ulster and the Army, which does not happen to include the suppression of "political" opposition to Home Rule or anything else.

"AND if it comes to demagogy," a rising young statesman was once heard to say, addressing his opponents across the table in the Commons, "we will beat you even at that." Now that it has come to drama in those regions, there can be no question as to which side has had the advantage in the past week's rivalries. On the same night on which the Prime Minister—least theatrical of men—played his grand stroke, Sir Edward Carson made his reappearance with limelight effects, only to discover that he was no longer the fashion. After all, Mr. Asquith in those matters is with the moderns—he lets passion spin the plot, yet gets his effects quietly. Indeed (like the other moderns) he is sometimes ahead of his audience. When he rose the other night, not to announce but to indicate that he had accepted the office of War Minister, he did so in reply to a question addressed to some unknown and hypothetical Secretary for War—"I must have notice of that"—and nobody saw at the moment that the great riddle had been casually solved. As to his conception of a dramatic exit, perhaps the best that can be said, from the Crummles point of view, is that, having seen Sir Edward Carson's earlier masterpiece in that line, Mr. Asquith shrank from challenging comparison. He simply got up and went out—pursued, to be sure, by thunderous echoes of his own triumph.

WE hear much of the Ulster Volunteers and little of the Nationalist answer to them. Yet this Irish movement is fast becoming a new and serious factor in the situation. The Irish Volunteers (*Oglaigh na h Eireann* is their Irish name), were founded at a meeting in Dublin only last November. The movement has already spread throughout the three provinces and far into the Nationalist counties of Ulster itself. The latest estimate gives the numbers at something over 25,000. In Dublin alone there are forty companies, organized into four battalions, each bearing the name of some Irish patriot, such as Wolfe Tone or Sarah Curran. They have an excellent weekly paper, "The Irish Volunteer," containing full information about the movement, together with useful military articles and passages of Irish history, especially in regard to the "Irish Volunteers" of 1782. Mrs. Alice Stopford Green and Colonel Maurice Moore have contributed, and Sir Roger Casement is known to be one of the strongest supporters of this National Army. The Volunteers have no fixed uniform as yet, and few, if any, arms, but they are getting well organized and drilled for the future support of the National Parliament, or of the Irish cause in any event. The objects set forth in their Provisional Constitution are:—

- (1) To secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland.
- (2) To train, discipline, arm, and equip a body of Irish Volunteers for the above purpose.
- (3) To unite for this purpose Irishmen of every creed and of every party and class.

The hope is that, when Home Rule is established, the Ulster Volunteers will join in as part of the National or Territorial Army. Certainly, that would be a fine—and possibly an exciting—experiment.

In the full clash of the Irish movement comes the news of the death of its poet. "T. D." long survived his more brilliant brother, "A. M." Sullivan, and, indeed, it was not given to the author of "New Ireland" to set the ineffaceable mark on Irish Nationalism which the writer of "God Save Ireland" affixed to it. Not a perfect poem, but who can read it without emotion? Its spirit, at least, is pure inspiration. "T. D." loved to sing the rather common tune to which it was set in a thin, high, almost falsetto voice. But my best remembrance of it is of a small boy carolling it in the morning under my window in a country town in Ireland, at a time when it was an offence to breathe the Irish poet's defiance of tyranny. Not less beautiful, if one can think of the soul of poetry without too much care for its form, is the "Song from the Backwoods," the homing song of exiled Ireland all the world over:—

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own."

The poet was the most amiable of men, whose happy nature sheltered him from the fierce storms that rose in the bosom of his party.

By the way, much note has been taken of the fact that a member of the Royal Household—indeed, two



members—have lent their Irish seats for drilling by the Ulster Volunteers.

POLITICS does not quite destroy the even flow of "business" in the highest Ulster circles. Thus, I am told that a contract for supplying the King's Forces in Ireland with bread has been secured by a gentleman who has been named for Cabinet rank in the Provisional Government, even for the charge of its foreign affairs.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE MIND OF THE SOLDIER.

THE CURRAGH, CO. KILDARE.

THE sound of a trumpet stirs me, I confess, like the ballad of Chevy Chase. The sound of a trumpet in the night, whether it blows the Last Post as the camp goes to sleep, or blows the Rouse before the stars are pale, surpasses all the horns of elfland in enchantment. Amid the indistinctive squalor of our streets, my heart leaps up when I behold a uniform. I don't know why it is, for my mother was not a nursemaid, but my heart leaps up, as the poet's leapt at the sight of a rainbow. And here in the Curragh last Sunday how beautiful appeared the garrison as it paraded to worship the Prince of Peace! Here came the 4th Hussars, trumpets and all, brilliant with shining swords, with plumes and yellow braid, like pictures of Balaclava. Here came the 16th Lancers, their scarlet tunics broken by the broad "blaze" of black down the front of what ladies might call their "corsage," their trousers enlivened with broad yellow stripes, their fantastic helms reminiscent of the Peninsular and Waterloo. Here came the Sappers, pioneers and path-finders of the world. Here the Army Service Corps, indispensable to the Empire as housemaids and charwomen to the Suburbs. Here the Suffolks, gay with yellow collars, glorying in their band, which was to lead the music and singing in the church that day. And here the 1st Manchesters, not romantic in name to those who know them not, but then I had seen them month after month, for four months long, clinging immovably to one ridge of shell-swept, bullet-swept rocks, and that officer who marched so stout and proudly now—the last time I saw him he was thin as a rake and unable to straighten his knees for weakness, in spite of the lumps of horse on which he fed.

Or take the simple soldier there, doing his sentry-go. Backwards and forwards he marches for twenty paces along a well-worn path. At each end of the path he halts suddenly as a full stop. He turns his head to east and west, peering into space. He points his pennoned lance to north and south, like a Roman herald fulminating war. On heel and toe he turns about, and repeats his observations and threatening attitudes at the further end. Does he, then, expect the approach of insidious foes? Busy as the devil is, he expects no such thing. He is practising perfection. He is maintaining the tradition of the regimental soul. He is performing a service that may save an army long after he is transformed into dust and the wind that blows it. Therefore it is that not a button must be awry, not a speck must dim the brilliance of the brass and steel; not a step must be false to that path, nor a turn of the head to that vainly expectant observation.

### PERFECTION AND COURAGE.

There, I suppose, is one cause of my own and the nurserymaid's unphilosophic and unchristian delight in soldiermen. We like the brilliance, the gaiety, the gleam of the "spit and polish," the faultless twirling of the drumsticks round the head, the sense of absolutely assured perfection at every point. No dirtiness, no mess, no thought of "doing things rather-more-or-less." When the British Army is seen in camp or on parade, breathes there a man or woman with soul so dead as not to sympathize with the Austrian Archduke who hated war because it spoiled his beautiful troops? And if economists pour contempt upon our childlike enthusiasm for martial beauty, let us confront them with Adam Smith, himself an economist, who said a training in arms was useful "to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves." Is, then, cowardice inevitable without a training in arms? God forbid, for then all the rest of us would rot. But when you take courage for granted among 250,000 men day by day, you will probably get nearly 250,000 men who in a crisis can assume courage even if they have it not, and thus a sense of courage becomes widely diffused, checking that mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which the economist feared. I suppose Dr. Johnson was meditating on this simple but necessary kind of courage when he said that every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier. And when Boswell suggested that Lord Mansfield did not, he replied, "Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in the company of general officers and admirals who had been in service, he would shrink; he would wish to creep under the table."

### THE EVILS OF SERVICE.

Philosophic thinkers, when they condemn the Army and all who love it, should remember these innocent prejudices and try to forgive them. I know there is ever so much to be said on the other side. The isolation, for instance, in a camp like the Curragh is unnatural and warping. Here a few thousand soldiers live in the centre of windy plains, separated from mankind. Newbridge, a largish village, is three miles off; Kildare, a smallish village, is four. Except for the wives and children permitted "on the strength" in the lines of married quarters, no touch of ordinary humanity and the common ways of life is felt. The Army is entirely occupied with itself, its duties, routine, and sports. Except picture and sporting papers, few newspapers are read, and those are nearly always on one side. Conversation is almost limited to horses, football, golf, out-fits, and food. I think women are not talked about so much as is supposed, nor are bawdy stories so common. Officers and men are kept pretty hard at work. If it was ever true that an officer's life was lazy, it is true no longer. Take even such an old work as Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book," and read the one paragraph on "What all officers should carry in their heads." Why, most civilian brains would break down under the burden! And the book as a whole is a liberal education in all the arts of practical life and knowledge, from cooking up to telegraphy. But I admit that both for men and officers the freedom of initiative is too much restricted. They are better looked after than ordinary people—too much looked after—and they live so closely by rule that they can hardly call their souls their own. This is shown in a military text-book—a German one, it is true—in which I read, "The chief military chaplain regulates the cure of souls, the chief horse-doctor the veterinary requirements of the regiment."

Isolation and self-centred sufficiency combine to

breed a kind of pride which may be necessary "pour se faire tuer," to use Napoleon's phrase, but can be offensive to the outside world and has often made me hesitate to address a cavalry officer or even a sergeant. Lord Roberts spoke of it last Monday as "an almost inordinate pride," and Lord Wolseley encouraged the feeling in his "Pocket Book," when he said: "A soldier must believe that his duties are the noblest that fall to man's lot. He must be taught to despise all those of civil life." In the first edition, if I remember, Wolseley added: "Though, no doubt, some civil employments are useful"; but afterwards he left out that admission. When thus encouraged, the soldier's pride may become inordinate and even formidable to civilians, however useful their employment. And to the disadvantages of pride we must add the disadvantages of obedience. Implicit obedience is, I suppose, to nearly everyone the easiest and pleasantest form of vice. To myself, I confess, the temptation to obey orders is almost inevitable, and in the Army this subtle and insinuating offence against the soul is elevated into a positive virtue. In uniform a man will do almost anything to order, from shooting his mother down to assuming a ferocious aspect at the command, "Faccia feroce!" which Bismarck tells us was the preliminary to "Charge!" in that old Neapolitan army through which Garibaldi walked, in spite of their savage mien. In the Moscow rising of 1905, a Guards regiment was expected to "fraternize" with the people, but at the word of command they only distinguished themselves by zeal in slaughtering their brothers. Or those South of Ireland militia who cheered for Kruger as they embarked for South Africa, do you suppose they tried to miss every Boer they saw? Of course, like everyone else, they did their best to hit him.

#### THE OFFICER'S CASE.

To quote Lord Roberts again, in his speech last Monday he spoke of the Army's hatred for politics. He said the Army felt "an indifference tinged with contempt for the unfortunate people engaged in political warfare, as men who are perforce bereft of individuality." It is a queer reason, for if there is one man on earth more bereft of individuality than the private Member of Parliament, I should have thought it was the private soldier, and even the officer has not much more power of showing individuality left. But take an ordinary officer whose mind, probably from birth, certainly by training, has been steadily influenced in these various ways. He is healthy, he loves sport, he is scrupulously exact about dress, detail, and good form; he is proud—inordinately proud—of the Army and his regiment; he lives largely on tradition and strongly objects to new departures; he has been taught to despise civilians, especially politicians—especially Liberal politicians; he believes that other people may possibly value their honor in a sort of way, but an officer's honor is a peculiarly precious and sensitive thing. Above all, he has been trained to obey orders without question and without thought of choice. Suddenly, a new and vital dilemma, appearing to involve either his career or his honor, is laid before him, and his decision, as we read, is to be given within two hours. What will he do?

The answer, I think, is best supplied in a letter to the "Times" last Saturday. It was signed "A Soldier serving in Ireland," and it expresses the bewilderment caused by the question put to officers of the garrison the Friday week before. "Never were we more startled in our lives," it says, "than by the ultimatum fired at our heads." It goes on to show that the Army much resents the imputation of being thought a political puppet for either Party. "If the Nationalists of Cork

had been the hypothetical enemy," it says, "our reply would have been couched in precisely similar terms." That is to say, if the alternative had been laid before them for immediate decision, they would have resigned. I have known the army off and on for almost thirty years, and I cannot doubt that this is true. The very offer of an alternative would be like a challenge to personal honor. It is as though an editor said, "You may not like my new policy, but you must support it or go." One's instinct would be to go instantly, whether one liked the policy or not. So the writer of the letter does not claim resignation as the wisest or bravest course; he and others resigned because it was the simplest and most obvious thing to do. He thinks now that they ought to have demanded further information:—

"Honest introspection," he writes, "must force others to confess that the noblest in reality were those who, against their personal inclination and social interests, expressed their readiness to obey; those, in other words, who intended to continue to control their men, to share with them all dangers and distasteful tasks, and not, perhaps, to leave them in the lurch."

One commanding officer I know who was wise enough to give his subordinates time. Obeying orders, he took his battalion away from the Curragh to an appointed destination before he submitted the terrible alternative to them, and there he gave them time to think. Not one resigned. It is my firm conviction that if that alternative had never been submitted, the army would have obeyed orders as usual, and since the choice was given, I cannot join in the outcry of "Mutiny!" nor wonder that resignations were frequent when honor appeared to be challenged, and the decision had to be quick. How far such an alternative may become a precedent, changing the whole nature of the Army, is a deeper and more far-reaching question. The new regulations forbid a repetition, but already the common soldiers are asking why the choice of enemy should not be given them too. On the whole, I find their feeling slightly against the officers who resigned, and for the reasons given by the writer of that letter. But they are beginning to raise the question about themselves, and it is an awkward one to answer. For, as Moltke said in one of his last speeches, the soldier used to be drilled, he must now be educated.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

#### CAN HAPPINESS BE TAUGHT?

How far virtue can be taught has always remained an unsettled question. Moral philosophers, among the ancients as among the moderns, have commonly inclined towards its teachability. For if virtue be wholly or mainly a gift of nature, like a good verbal memory or a fine ear for music, or if it is the product of personal circumstances, the rôle of the moral philosopher becomes a trifling one. So philosophers, from Socrates and Confucius to Kant, Bentham, and Spencer, have held that, not merely conventional morality, but the feelings and character that sustain it, can be educated. They have no doubt differed widely upon the part played by reason and the art of demonstration in the process, and Aristotle's identification of reason with virtue in the life of the soul has seemed a hard saying to those familiar with the actual play of motives in conduct. The same dispute as to the "inborn" or "acquired" nature of "grace" has divided theologians, but it has seldom prevented them from insisting upon the importance of the part which the Church or the priest and preacher can play in evoking or confirming goodness.

It is, however, by no means our intention to



reopen this great secular controversy. We name it only because it is closely linked with the issue raised in a volume of the well-known French savant, Jean Finot, just translated under the title, "The Science of Happiness" (Putnams). To many readers, the title, at any rate in English dress, will appear singularly inappropriate for a volume of ecstatic affirmations, seasoned with illustrative stories and maxims drawn from various reading and personal reminiscence. It betrays a courage and an ingenuousness which belong to French culture rather than to our own. No great literary Englishman since Ruskin has dared to move thus freely in the regions of great moral commonplaces. This timidity is a failing of our intellectual men. Our philosophy has become too exclusively technical to afford easy nourishment to the wider educated public. They are thus left to the vapoing of the popular pulpiteer, or the literary extravagances of writers belonging to the Christian Science or other schools devoted to the task of "jollying" people into goodness, health, and happiness. The popularity of such a work as this of M. Finot, crowned by the French Academy and translated from its tenth edition, has its significance in the fact that French culture is capable of occupying itself seriously with the great moral commonplaces. There is nothing novel in M. Finot's discussion. But it is worth while having from a Frenchman of intellectual distinction a free personal statement of his liberal optimism, with its powerful insistence upon the right and power of all men to achieve happiness. For, as the author points out, great thinkers, whether speaking in the guise of philosophers, theologians, or *littérateurs*, have, upon the whole, exercised a blighting influence upon man's general view of his nature and destiny. Philosophy and religion have served to cast a gloom on life for most men: their emphasis on restraint instead of self-expression, upon prohibitions rather than on encouragements, has brought into relief the badness rather than the goodness of human nature, and by its depressing influence has tended on the whole to make the badness worse. Golden rules and formal injunctions of love and charity stand out against the darker records of religious history. Excepting for little groups of mystics, the dogmatic teaching of religion and philosophy has done nothing to instill a sense of happiness. Their very names have carried a burden of depression.

Nor is the record of great literature, so far as it furnishes a criticism of life, found to be much more favorable. The French nature is commonly supposed to hold a richer fund of happiness than ours; for there must be some deeper source for the gaiety which bubbles on the surface. Yet in no country has the thinking process yielded so much Dead-sea fruit. "Look at a single islet of the mind, the corner of a century of French intellectuality. Analyze poets like Baudelaire or de Musset, Lamartine or de Vigny; philosophers like Renan or Taine; novelists like Flaubert, Maupassant, Goncourt, Zola, or their descendants; historians, sociologists, and you will find among all these representations of the French mentality of the second half of the nineteenth century the same feeling of disgust with life. Sensual or depraved, refined or sublimated, rational, raving or resigned, the pessimistic conception dominates. It assumes every form, but these forms cover the same devolution." Nor is this a passing phase. With certain rare exceptions M. Finot finds literature a disenchantment. Its beauties, even its glories and the pleasures that they bring, are floating on a dark sea of pessimism. The comedy of life is helpless against tragedy, which is the *vis motrix* in the literature of power. The very magnificence of the effect of the great Sophoclean

chorus, "Love, invincible in battle," or of Shakespeare's majestic eulogy, "What a piece of work is a man!" is derived from the rare audacity of such assertions.

The underlying assumption in this indictment, we are inclined to hold, is that thought itself is a painful and depressing process, evoked in man as a safeguard against dangers and evils, and, therefore, naturally disposed to cast itself into the work of furnishing restraints and medicines. If this be so, it does not easily lend itself to a "science of happiness." The very phrase carries to the ordinary mind a sense of incongruity, if not of contradiction. Can happiness be ground out of any logical mill, or acquired by carrying out any prescriptions of the intellect? Such criticism is, however, as applied to M. Finot, somewhat unfair. For, though there is science in his title, there is none in his treatment. It is an interesting and emotional affirmation of the rules for the wise conduct of life which experience lays down for those capable of listening and following. "To be Happy we must wish to be so." "Let us avoid Anger." "To live rightly it is necessary to possess the consciousness of the dignity of men." "Happiness depends on the extent of our Love." "Let us harmonize our mental and our physical activity." Such is the naïve breviary which he composes for what he terms "a pedagogy of the happy life." The stress is laid upon our inward life, which circumstances may impede but cannot command. Its fulness is not contained in "bonheur," which is too dependent upon the things without and too limited, as its etymology suggests, in time. "Happiness, when it strikes its roots into our inward life, is transformed into felicity."

But can this Happiness be taught, and is there a "Science" of it? Discussing religious experience, M. Finot dismisses it from the region of "the demonstrable" precisely on the ground that it is the product of feeling or of "individual sensation." But is the "religiousness" which, after creeds and dogmas are discarded, he desiderates as a condition of happiness, less individual or more demonstrable? Our own experience of life does not support the notion that reason or education can do as much as M. Finot thinks to make men either virtuous or happy. Any intellectual effort or training, expressly devised for the purpose, is apt to defeat itself. The kingdom of happiness cometh not by observation! Perhaps a legitimate distinction may be drawn, as also in the case of virtue, between the excellence which comes as an inborn or instinctive quality, and that which is attained by a sound exercise of the understanding and the will. But the latter can hardly dispense with the former. It is as difficult to make men good and happy by education as by Act of Parliament, though it is the natural pride of educationalists to imagine that it can be done.

Much more will be achieved by so improving and levelling circumstances that the natural seeds of goodness and of happiness may have soil to grow in, and wholesome air to breathe, than by teaching a "science of happiness." The best that the "art" of education can do for happiness is to remove the repressing influences of moral and religious prohibitions, and to substitute ideas and images of brightness, beauty, joy, and encouragement, which shall furnish nutriment and stimulus to the natural powers of happiness that are the very sap of life, and bind man to man in the larger union of humanity. Here is a concrete reform for pedagogy, to teach the history of nature and of man in evolution as a growing process of varied co-operation, motivated and conducted by community of interests and feelings, and ever forwarding the conquest of Nature, which consists in closer harmony between Man and Nature, as between

Man and Man. To dwell upon the struggles and conflicts incidental to this process, and to ignore or to disparage the growing harmony and the ideal atonement which give purpose and value to the history of Nature and of man, is for the educationalist to play the Devil's game, plying the tender mind with suggestions of evil, conflict and misery, instead of helping the feelings of goodness, love, and happiness to win their rightful sway over the growing will.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF CHARTISM.

DISILLUSIONMENT is the law of politics. Nature, by a wise provision, gilds every object for which men struggle, leaving them to find out when they have gained it exactly what it is worth. Think of Europe to-day and the Europe that danced before the imagination of the visionaries of last century. Could Mazzini or Garibaldi or Kosuth or Lamartine or Victor Hugo have foreseen Zaborn, Rochette, the armaments or tyrannies of to-day, the state of things described a week or two ago by Mr. Snowden in a Liberal House of Commons? They thought they were watching the dawn of universal justice, freedom, peace, integrity, and happiness. To every man of twenty, Taine has said, the world is a scandal, and every reformer is a man of twenty. The world is so obviously foolish and ill-ordered that it seems a simple task to put it right once reason and arrangement are brought into it.

Perhaps no disillusionment was more painful than the disillusionment of 1832 to the British working classes. It is true that there were many working-class politicians who expected nothing from the Bill, or worse than nothing. Mr. Graham Wallas's "Life of Place" tells us how that master wire-puller schemed and planned to give such an impression of the combination of the middle classes and working classes as would obscure the strong dissatisfaction and the bitter hostility of some of the working-class politicians. But it is also true that the Northumberland miners demonstrated for the Bill and that Cobbett, who was to suffer the fiercest disenchantment of all, was the prophet of the factory hands and weavers of Lancashire. With their help the middle classes organized for war; the Queen was hissed; Place's famous placard sent bank directors to warn the Government that they might have to put up their shutters; the Lords were beaten, and the Bill became law.

For one section of the reformers disillusionment followed quickly, and the Chartist movement was the result. It is difficult for persons brought up on the orthodox teaching of history to enter fully into the world that passed through that agitation. The Reformed Parliament seems to have done wonders; it reconstructed the Poor Law, it set up representative government in the towns, it passed a Factory Act, it just recognized the advantages of popular education by a trifling grant of £20,000. But had the working classes demonstrated and rioted for this? The new Government refused to make food cheaper, to make newspapers cheaper, to give the ballot. It did nothing to humanize life for the poor. It was only after five hundred men had gone to prison for a cheap press that the Government reduced the stamp duty on newspapers from fourpence to one penny. Its omissions were gross. What about its deeds? It has become a kind of sacred tradition that the new Poor Law was a courageous and wholesome piece of legislation—drastic by all means, but not less drastic than was needed. The twenty men who withstood it in the House of Commons were regarded as cranks, sentimentalists, or reactionaries; but it was the twenty led by Cobbett and Fielden, and not the Government or the majority of 319,

that voted in accordance with the desires of the great proletariat that had been created by the Industrial Revolution; and had been the dim menace behind the forces of reform; good harvests delayed the outbreak, but it was the new Poor Law that stung the working classes into revolt in the Chartist movement. Thorold Rogers called it necessary, harsh, inopportune, and unjust. The victims of injustice are not the first to recognize its necessity.

The great interest of the Chartist movement is that it manifests what M. Dolléans calls in his full and interesting history ("Le Chartisme." Par Edouard Dolléans. Paris: H. Floury) the soul of the proletariat. The movement is a tragedy. It lacks a great leader; the honest men are outmanœuvred by the ambitious egotist, Feargus O'Connor, who exploits the miseries of a vast population for his own crazy ambitions, and the movement seems to be overwhelmed with ridicule. No argument destroys itself so certainly as force that fails, and the Reform Bill had thrown the middle classes and the upper classes together. But it was not in all senses a failure, and it is supremely important as a study in the minds of men and women.

The industrial system had created a world in which vast masses of people seemed to be placed under some great and inhuman power. The factory was its instrument and its symbol. Life for this great population meant being driven all day and sometimes part of the night by this power. It offered no amenities, no diversions, no play for the mind or fancy, no recognition of human dignity or value. Men, women, children, were the blind prisoners of a system that outraged all human relationships and feelings. The towns they lived in, the hours they worked, the wages they received, the sheer disregard of all their human instincts and faculties, stamped them as a subject population existing merely for the pleasure and profit of other classes. Reform was to put an end to this. It had come when men and women were already beginning to think bitterly about their treatment, when economists like Hodgskin and Thompson and prophets like Owen were challenging the political economy that seemed to sentence their class to perpetual servitude, when leaders had been preaching to them that the producing classes were nothing and ought to be everything, that the working classes must not wait on the sterile and parasite classes, but take their destinies in their own hands. Then came Reform and the new Poor Law, the *régime* of the workhouse, the principle that the poor man must either starve or sell his handloom and go into the Bastille, and, above all, the break-up of the family. As the women of Newcastle put it in an address: "The Poor Law had broken up the home and separated those whom God had joined together." It was this sense that the brutal conditions of their lives were to be made, not less but more brutal, that their human feelings were to be flouted and outraged with even greater violence, that swept like fire over the great audiences that listened to Stephens and Oastler. There was still a large population of domestic workers that dreaded and hated the idea of entering the factory, and it was in the factory or the workhouse that the proletariat was to find its home, driven from the one to the other by the unfeeling masters of its life. The capitalists had given it the one; the middle classes the other. And the very House of Commons that passed this new law, depriving the weaver of his right (for so he considered it) to help from the poor rate while he was struggling on in his miserable home, refused by a majority of 157 even to consider a reduction of the Corn Laws, and to touch the huge profits the landowners reaped at the expense of the poor. Yet Sir James Graham, in defending that refusal, actually gave as a reason the burden of the poor rate, the very burden that the new



Poor Law was to reduce. Even the Parliament that had enacted those flagrant laws had not dared to take their allowances from the poor. This was the master indignation that drove men into Chartism.

The Convention that sat partly at Birmingham and partly at London, made up of fifty or sixty delegates, some of them middle-class visionaries, some working men, turned over various projects for enforcing their demands. Their demands were still purely political—the six points of the Charter. The first draft, it should be noted, included woman suffrage. But how to make Parliament listen? A general strike? This policy, originally proposed by Benbow, a publican, and recommended at one time by Fielden, held the field for many weeks. A boycott? A run on the banks? Armed violence? The debates are traced by M. Dolléans, and they reveal all the uncertainties and vacillations of a group of men handling vast ideas, and yet afraid of each other's shadows. That is the subtle effect of two or three violent men in a revolutionary body. The physical force gradually wins its way. M. Dolléans has one excellent phrase that might aptly describe the policy of more august Cabinets than this assembly. "*Ils ne savaient que remettre aux événements le soin de décider pour eux.*" The ignominious crumbling of the movement, the dissipation of its energies, the distractions of its councils, for which the chief blame is generally given to O'Connor, "the evil genius of Chartism," as Lovett called him, end in the inglorious failure of the great London demonstration of 1848. But the Chartists had done something. Though most of their leaders opposed the Anti-Corn Law League (Ebenezer Elliott was an exception: "I am for your Charter; but I am not for being starved to death first") many of their followers joined with Bright and Cobden, and the demonstration of 1848 had had a real effect in forcing the conditions of the poor on a House of Commons that had rarely looked below the middle classes. The special causes of the workmen did not succeed until the workmen were enfranchised—that is the way of politics; but the Chartist movement supplied the stimulus for the reforms and inquiries devoted to making life less brutalizing and intolerable that set in with the 'forties. It had enabled Shaftesbury to overcome the selfish cruelty of the mineowners, led by Lord Londonderry, and Fielden to carry his Factory Act, and it had made Lord John Russell and many another politician discover, as he put it in 1844, that "the condition of the people of England" had become a question of importance.

#### PAIN BÉNI.

ONE of the pleasantest things about writing in the newspapers is the correspondence which often ensues with kind people who are good enough to write and say that they have been interested in something one has written. The present writer recently contributed to these columns an article on the old English cake known as the "gauffre," carried across the Atlantic by the Pilgrim Fathers under that name, and by the Dutch settlers under the name of the "waffle." Both words, as other correspondents have shown, are identical with "wafer." This article was the occasion of a letter from an unknown correspondent at a village near Stockbridge in Hampshire, that is so interesting that we venture to quote it in full:—

"We have been much interested in your article and the ensuing correspondence on 'waffles.' I have therefore thought you might be interested in what is, I imagine, the local form of this cake, and enclose you a few. The recipe for the batter used in making them is

a family secret handed down in the female line. The woman who makes them in our village is the possessor of the only set of 'irons' to be found in this neighborhood, although there was another local set which was purchased by a well-known antiquarian a few years ago, at the death of the old woman who had been accustomed to use them. The cakes are known locally as 'Mothering Cakes,' and are prepared for 'Mothering,' or Mid-Lent Sunday. But the 'Mothering Sunday' visits seem to be quite a thing of the past, and local people take little or no interest in the cakes. When I came to this village to live a few years ago it took me quite a time to get upon the track of these irons and their owner. In fact, I suppose I should never have heard about them, but an old farmer who lived here sent me a box of the cakes some twenty years ago, and so, when Fate sent us here to live, I began to inquire about them. At last I found them in the possession of 'Granny Stock,' who had made my first specimen. Since then the good woman makes us a supply for each recurring 'Mothering Sunday.' There is no family tradition as to where the irons came from, or how long they had been in the family. On such matters the rural mind is a blank. But the design of the pattern on the cakes and the initials seem to be quite ecclesiastical."

Our kind correspondent enclosed a box of cakes. We have received no present which pleased us so much for a very long time. Let it be said at once that they have no connection with "waffles." These last are thick, like a crumpet or pikelet, and are eaten, soaked in butter, piping hot. The "mothering cakes" are the same shape and size as what is known as "the priest's wafer," the Host elevated at Mass, and from which the priest communicates. They are, however, a shade thicker. On either side they bear a lovely design, a twining, budding plant surrounding a circle which encloses a sort of sunflower on the reverse side, on the front the letters I and S, with between them instead of the H one would naturally expect, a floritura of seven small circles. The fragrance of the cakes is most appetizing, but they are far too beautiful to eat.

Now, it is well known that the original signification of the term "Mothering Sunday" was the visit paid on that day by people at a distance to their mother Church. There are more popular names for Mid-Lent Sunday than for any other Sunday in the year. It is *Lætare Sunday*, *Refreshment Sunday*, *Mothering Sunday*. At the *Mi-Carême*, the joyful break in the gloom of Lent, rose-colored vestments were worn. The custom of visiting the Mother Church, perhaps some Minster or great Abbey, seems alluded to in the Mass for the day: "*Lætare, Jerusalem,*" runs the Introit, "*convenit facite, omnesque diligitis eam, gaudete cum lætitia, qui in tristitia fuistis. . . . Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi. In domum Domini ibimus.*" This is repeated at the Gradual with "*Fiat pax in virtute tua, et abundantia in turribus tuis.*" The Tract is "*Qui confidunt in Domine sicut mons Sion; non commovebitur in æternum, qui habitat in Jerusalem.*" The Communion is "*Jerusalem, quæ edificatur ut civitas cujus participatio ejus in idipsum; illuc enim ascenderunt tribus Domini, ad confitendum nomini tuo, Domine.*" This going up of the tribes to that Jerusalem which is the mother of us all, of which the Epistle for the day speaks, was naturally accompanied in numberless instances by a going home of people to see their own mother. Heaven and home on that joyful feast day were no doubt kindred points. The beautiful custom has never wholly died out, but the emphasis tended more and more to be laid on the visit to the human mother and the earthly home. There is a West Country saying: "He who goes a-mothering finds violets in the lane." The custom is associated with all sweet, tender, homely, fragrant things.

Now these "mothering cakes" were, no doubt, given by the monks, as a kind of *pain béni*, to mark the special solemnity and sacredness of the occasion, to the

worshippers who came up to their Mother Church upon that day. The giving of "holy bread" at Mass was an old English custom, as the pain béni is given to-day in Northern France. These cakes, exactly resembling the sacramental wafer, beautifully ornamented, and morsels delicate to the taste, would be a peculiarly memorable kind of pain béni. To mark their distinction from the consecrated Host, the letter H would, perhaps, be omitted from the sacred monogram. The secret of their making would, no doubt, have come from some monastery. They would probably be made with the same irons as the Host. The "mothering cakes" of certain Churches would be talked about, boasted of, perhaps saved and treasured up. They would be meant by the monks as a sort of parable of "Gustate et videte quoniam suavis est Dominus." The feeding of the people with the five loaves in the wilderness is the Gospel for that day. At the Dissolution of the monasteries the secret of their making would be carried out into the world by some old lay-brother or convent cook, and would be handed on, so that though the cakes were no longer given away in Church, and by degrees lost their sacred import, they were still made and eaten by the people in their homes at the joyful reunions of Mothering Sunday.

These cakes from a Hampshire village, of which the significance has long been lost, and the very use is now fast dying out, have a long history behind them. They go back to the very beginnings of Christianity. They represent the Agape, the feast of love and peace of the first Christians. They are the "Antedoron" of the unchanging East. We take up a Russian manual of the Services of the Orthodox Church and roughly translate a sentence or two: "Thanksgiving after the Communion." "During the reading of this Psalm the Priest gives the Antedoron. The remnants of the wafers, from which a part has been taken out for the Remembrance of Christ, are called the Antedoron, which signifies 'instead of the gifts.' The Antedoron is given for this reason, that those who do not communicate except spiritually, may have their part in the mystery of the Communion, and may not feel themselves separated from the community of the faithful, but may find themselves in union with them. The giving of the Antedoron remains to us as a memorial of those feasts of love which in the first Christian ages took place after the Liturgy from the remainder of the offerings." We remember a picture by a Russian painter whose name we have forgotten of an old Russian peasant woman, her white head tied up in a barbarically colored shawl, her old wrinkled face, shrewd, kindly, humorous, all a-twinkle with delight at the apronful of the Antedoron, the sacred bread, in place of the celestial gifts which with a holy covetousness she was carrying away from Church.

The Eastern custom of giving the Antedoron at the time of the priest's communion or immediately after it seems more logical than the Western use of giving it after the Creed, and before the beginning of the Canon, but the meaning is, of course, the same. Who has not seen the white-capped old ladies in a French cathedral take great handfuls of the fine white bread, make the sign of the Cross with one fragment of it, and wrap the rest in a spotless handkerchief to carry it to the absent, or perhaps the sick? This is what the early Christians did with the consecrated element itself. "C'est pain béni," by the way, is a delightfully ironical phrase for "It serves him right." The "giving of the Pax" in the West was another of these signs of spiritual communion, of the union and the peace of men with one another, and with God, which has come down from St. Paul's "kiss of peace." Why is there such a fragrance and charm about

all these things? What would one not give, for instance, for a tessera of the early Christians, or one of their sacred symbolical fishes? When ideas so profound and tender are conveyed by such insignificant vehicles as the frail little "mothering cake" all things are redeemed from banality and dulness. The sacred things, as they are used by men, become familiar and homely. What violets, what moss and maiden-hair will spring from and cover the ruined walls of modern systems?

R. L. G.

## Short Studies.

### THE LEGEND OF ST. EUTYCHUS.

It is much to be regretted that a due share of public honor and devotion has not yet been rendered by the world at large to the memory of this great Saint, whose life and example have exercised so profound an influence upon the Church.

To the superficial observer this may, perhaps, be accounted for by the all too brief account preserved for us in the Scriptures of a single incident in the early life of the Saint. But it is not so with those who know something of the way in which succeeding generations of churchgoers have been encouraged by his example, or who have studied the formative influence of his later years in fostering within the Church that calm attitude of mind which has so largely aided her to steer her even course through the troubled waters of the world, unmoved by the winds of enthusiasm or the dangerous currents of false doctrine through which she has peacefully passed.

Such thinkers will rightly urge that the meagre record of the narrative contained in the Book of the Acts should be read in the light of all that we can gather from tradition and history of the later life of the Saint. We must form our estimate of his character, not so much from the promise of his budding youth, as from the ripe fruit of his maturer years. Let us turn, then, to the picture which is thus presented to us, and supplement it, if we will, by recalling some of those sayings of his, which were the outcome of rich experience and have so often proved a source of help and comfort to those who have learned to look great problems in the face and pass on undismayed.

It was in early middle life that St. Eutychus was called to the great position in the Church which he filled with glory for so many years, when he was chosen by the unanimous voice of the faithful to be Bishop of Laodicea. He shrank at first, with modesty, from a charge of such great honor and importance. He was, indeed, called to preside over what was then the wealthiest Church of Asia, a position all the more distinguished because of the storm of persecution which seemed then about to threaten the very life of the Church. But it was just this circumstance that finally determined his choice. Could he desert a Church so wealthy, so honored amongst her sisters and those who were without, at such an hour of need? Might it not be given to him by a wise guidance of her members at that difficult time to preserve intact this inestimable treasure? His path was made clearer by the fact that there were not wanting certain unworthy spirits ready to impute to the holy man base motives which it would not besem us so much as to set forth in writing. Such malicious men carried no weight with Eutychus; their slander made his duty easier to bear, since it brought with it this cross of self-denial.

The Church of Laodicea had been distinguished from early times by the breadth and unity of spirit which characterized its members, joined as they were by a holy zeal for all good things, which never went forth into any excess of enthusiasm, and was always tempered by a restraining caution and a wide charity which had due regard to the feelings of the world without. It was this spirit which especially appealed to the Saint at this time; he felt that here was a priceless heritage, which must be preserved and passed on, even at the cost of the sacrifice of strong personal predilections. To keep this calm and



quiet spirit of holy compromise it was surely worth while surrendering much.

The years more than justified his choice. While other Churches languished under persecution or were desolated by the growth of terrible heresies, some of them so abominable that only trained theologians could distinguish them from the truth, the Church of Laodicea flourished at peace with itself and with all men. Not that it must be supposed that its witness slackened for a moment under the influence of pagan persecution. This calumny was not the least of the burdens which Eutychus and his followers were willing to bear for the cause they had at heart. He perceived clearly, and taught his flock to see, that, while truth is eternal, our emphasis upon different sides of truth must vary with the changing needs of the time and with the different circles amongst whom we mix. To use the same language to all, to dwell on the same aspects of truth at every hour is, in effect, he said, to be false to truth itself. Rightly to deal out the word of truth was, he saw, no easy task; it was, he held, the peculiar grace of a good and faithful bishop thus to perceive what should be said and what left unsaid. For laymen, or even for the officers of the Church who lacked this clear sense of the fitting economy of things, the best course was silence. Nor must this be taken to apply to words alone; our actions often speak more loudly and harshly, said Eutychus, even than words; let us, then, be very careful, especially when the times are evil, lest our actions give needless offence to those who have not yet received enlightenment, or furnish a handle to the enemies of the Church, who are ever waiting to ravage the flock.

Thus when the edicts of the Emperor stirred up persecution against the Church in Asia, the Church of Laodicea stood almost alone, with admirable courage, in the way in which it kept its faith and at the same time showed that respect for law and authority which the apostles had enjoined only a generation before upon their disciples, but which too many of their would-be followers now disregarded. Eutychus had no unity with the narrow spirit of fanaticism which led these men to emphasize one commandment at the expense of others. He saw that in so doing they imperilled the souls of the weaker brethren, whom they compelled to choose between martyrdom and renunciation of their belief. When the storm broke and news of the edicts reached Laodicea, Eutychus gathered his Church around him, exhorting them to be calm, and, above all, to exercise a holy caution in this dark hour of trial. Some amongst them were, perhaps, zealous for the martyr's crown, but let them rather, he urged, consider the eternal welfare of their persecutors, and be willing to sacrifice a joy which must cost others so dear. They had been taught by the Apostles to honor those in authority, to respect the law. In so far as conscience suffered, it was their clear duty to comply with every command of the magistrates. They could not, of course, offer worship to the Emperor, but in this worship of their pagan brethren they could recognize much which was good, and they might cheerfully admit that some symbol of loyalty to the great empire was needful for the uneducated mind. They knew that an image was but so much marble or metal, with no power of its own to harm or bless; the burning of incense was in itself a harmless thing, and might even afford a certain legitimate though restrained pleasure. What was all important was the attitude of mind and heart of the man who burnt this incense. Did he offer it in idolatrous worship to the image of a mere man? That was paganism; for which they could make no excuse. Did he, guarding jealously the truth in his heart, incline his head before the majesty of law, and, while throwing the incense into the flames, offer up the pure sacrifice of his prayers for the good of the Emperor and his officers, but not to any image that might be before him? That was surely the attitude of heart and will which would commend itself to every true member of the Church of Laodicea, bearing in mind the words which they had so often heard within those walls: "Add to your piety prudence, and to your prudence common sense; and let not your hearts be lifted up against compromise."

With these words scarce restrained he some of the more ardent among them from the desire of martyrdom.

Thus was the Church of Laodicea preserved through a time of much peril. The years passed by, and it still flourished exceedingly. Eutychus, full of years and honors, was like ere long to sleep with his fathers, and no man could have foreseen that after all he was to win that crown of martyrdom which in his unselfish zeal for others he had so long foregone.

In approaching the closing act of the Saint's life, we must warn the student that we are on somewhat uncertain ground. For his earlier episcopal career and teaching we have, indeed, no contemporary authority, but the sayings attributed to the Saint are of a character which speaks for itself, and we have no desire to question their authenticity. I refer especially to the Forty Platinides, and to the profounder doctrinal teaching incorporated in the "Letter to a Devout Lady," which was, perhaps, compiled by some disciple of the Saint from a collection of his sayings, unhappily no longer extant.\*

It is, unfortunately, otherwise with the martyrdom of St. Eutychus. We possess no other authority for this than the apocryphal Acts of St. Eutychus, which cannot be dated earlier than the fourth century, if, indeed, they are not, as I incline to suspect, of more recent origin.

No complete MS. of the Acts of St. Eutychus appears to be now in existence; the opening passages probably contained an account of the outburst of persecution in which the Saint was martyred. He appears to have retreated from Laodicea to the adjoining country district, doubtless yielding reluctantly to the pressure of his flock: some fragments in the Lambeth Palace Library may perhaps refer to this period. It would seem that the Saint was so beset by his pursuers that while he slept, he only closed one eye at a time: he would often wander alone in the country and seat himself on a fence, from which he was able to behold the approach of danger. It must have been on one of these occasions that he was captured by a band of soldiers, who found the old man, girt with a rustic apron, in the act of trimming a hedge.

When brought before the magistrate, Eutychus was at once surrounded by a cloud of false witnesses, one of whom accused him of having secreted vast wealth by his superstitious rites: to this the Saint simply replied that his treasure was in heaven. Others swore that by the use of magic arts, he had frequently been known to face both ways at once, and that he had even made black appear white by uttering certain words which he was wont to use for such purposes. At this the judge became filled with anger, and commanded the Saint to be thrown into a cauldron of seething hot water, which had been prepared hard by. And lo! by a miracle, marvellous to relate, as the water touched the Saint, it became lukewarm, and the bubbling waves sank down, as though one had poured oil upon them.

Yet was the wrath of the cruel judge in no wise abated; he bade them take Eutychus away, and decreed that he should be exposed on the next day to the lions. But even the fierce beasts revolted against the unjust will of the judge; for when they came to where Eutychus lay, with his head humbly laid in the sand, they did but sniff the air about him and forthwith turned about, and went back to their den.

The magistrate then gave command that they should make ready to burn Eutychus before a slow fire, and he was taken back to prison to die upon the morrow.

But in the night, while all men slept, the holy bishop was wafted away from the scene of his tribulations. The soldiers found next day his portion of bread and cruse of water untouched beside his couch; but his mortal frame had vanished, nor could anyone say where it might be found, though diligent search was made.

Here, again, the voice of calumny, which had so often assailed the Saint while living, did not spare him in death. It was reported that by gifts and promises he had prevailed upon his guards to liberate him; but it was soon recognized that the prosperous position which two of these men afterwards attained was due to the influence of the Saint's example, working like good seed in fruitful soil.

With very different motives did his followers seek for

\* The student may also consult the Three Homilies on the duty of accommodation, which if not actually the work of the Saint himself, seem to show the influence of his teaching.



some traces of Eutychus. When the days of persecution were past, a little child discovered in a half-way house upon the road to Rome, an apron and buskins which were recognized as belonging to the Saint, and these precious relics were long venerated by the faithful of Laodicea as a memorial of their departed bishop. Thus, though they could not honor his beloved body, they felt that his spirit was with them; and they did not cease to follow gently the path along which he was wont to lead them.

Such is the legend of St. Eutychus. How far, alas, have we moved to-day from leadership like his!

T. E. H.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE WASTE OF LIFE.

It is now a commonplace on suffrage platforms that the service women render to the State by giving life is at least as great as that which soldiers give by taking it. It is certain that, as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell used to say, the power of bestowing life causes women to regard their vital functions with peculiar reverence: "the mighty creative power which more than any other human faculty seems to bring womanhood near to the Divine," is on the physical side their great contribution to national existence; while transposed to the spiritual side, it is the emblem of love and service on which so much of the well-being of mankind depends.

Up to the present, what sort of national care has been bestowed upon maternity? It is not quite accurate to say that none has been so given. For the maternity benefit under the Insurance Act did make a beginning, though it was coupled with the grotesque provision that it was to be paid to the father and not to the mother. But even as amended last year, the maternity benefit to insured women and to wives of insured men leaves out large sections of the community—for instance, wives of railway clerks, municipal employees, teachers, postmen, &c., who are contracted out of the Act. Contracting out is allowed in all cases where sufficient provision is made by employers for the disablement and medical benefits insured by the Act. But no equivalent to maternity benefit has been guaranteed in such cases. Many women who most need it, are accordingly cut off from all chance of receiving the maternity benefit. The thirty shillings now granted appears moreover from many points of view an altogether inadequate national recognition of the service women render to the State by bearing children. Australia is not a wealthy country as compared with Great Britain, but it gives a maternity benefit of £5 universally to all mothers whose means of livelihood is below a certain level. But then, of course, in Australia women have the vote, and while human nature remains human nature the claims of those who have votes are remembered in Parliament much more readily than the claims of those who have no votes.

It is an open secret that under the Insurance Act the claims for sickness benefit by women during pregnancy have far exceeded the actuarial calculations, and that unless sickness arising from pregnancy is cut off from benefit altogether, nothing but bankruptcy stares many of the women's approved societies in the face. This has been so marked that many of the women's societies have attempted already to protect themselves by ruling that pregnancy sickness shall give no claim to benefit. But this solution of the difficulty is obviously no real solution at all. While the well-to-do expectant mother is taken care of, relieved from all unnecessary anxiety, undue fatigue, and told to rest as far as may be, "bed being the best drug we have," with the result that the maternal life suffers as little risk as possible, and the risk to infant life is at a minimum, the working-class mother has a different and far harder trial to bear. It is no unusual thing for the working mother to go on with industrial employment to within a few hours of her confinement; she has besides the care of her other children, preparation of food, and family washing and

cleaning to attend to all through the months of her pregnancy. After her child is born it is no uncommon thing to find her, within a few days, attempting wage-earning work—machining, making bead-trimming, or even washing. What chance is given to such a mother to make a complete recovery? What chance is given to children born under such conditions to grow into healthy, vigorous men and women? The pale, dwindled, unwholesome forms that one sees in such large numbers in the poorer districts of all our large towns must be the answer. The fact is clear that there is no adequate national care of maternity, and the nation is suffering from its want. It should be recognized as a national necessity to give to all mothers help and advice in pregnancy so as to enable them to give birth to healthy children.

This subject has been studied for years by the Women's Co-operative Guild, the largest organized body of married working women in this country, and they have taken an honorable part in educating public opinion upon the subject. They have lately published a pamphlet by Miss Margaret G. Bonfield, on "The National Care of Maternity," which sets forth lucidly and dispassionately the case for making it a national charge to protect the lives of mothers and infants from unnecessary waste. Dr. Amand Routh is quoted as the authority for the opinion that as many infants die during the nine months of pregnancy as during the first year of life, and that many of the deaths of infants dying shortly after birth are due to bad ante-natal conditions.

Here one is able to detect a waste of life, greater and more devastating than that which Florence Nightingale laid bare from her experiences in the Crimea. She wrote in her diary: "I stand by the altar of these murdered men," and she stood by it to such effect that, as we read in a recent article in the "Times," the death-rate of soldiers in India has been reduced from sixty-nine per thousand in 1859 to five per thousand at the present time. Miss Llewellyn Davies, Miss Bonfield, and their associates are standing by the altar of murdered women and children. Their work is as great and as important to the nation as Florence Nightingale's; nay, it is more important; it goes closer to the sources of national life and well-being. Of what use is it for Father Bernard Vaughan, the Bishop of London, and other celibate priests to bewail the decline in the birth-rate, when thousands of precious lives that have been already begun are thrown away through bad ante-natal conditions and other social ills. Let us show that we are capable of taking care of the lives we already have before we clamor for a larger number that would be subjected probably to even worse conditions.

The papers this week have made the welcome announcement that the Committee on Local Taxation recommends new grants for local authorities, including £1,000,000 for public health. Now, therefore, is the moment when all organs of public opinion should press for a favorable consideration of the most reasonable and moderate demands put forward by the Women's Co-operative Guild—namely, that there should be:—

1. Grants in aid to public health authorities to form municipal maternity centres. The beginning of such centres is already to be found under about fifty public health authorities.

2. That the notification of still-births should be made compulsory on doctors and not, as at present, on midwives only.

3. That the Notification of Births Act, which at present covers only about 60 per cent. of the population, should be made compulsory for all.

4. That municipal midwives should be appointed.

If these recommendations were carried out, they would, at any rate, form a satisfactory beginning for the national care of maternity and infant life; and they might in time lead to the granting of a maternity benefit comparable to that already sanctioned in Australia. The pamphlet which has been already quoted recommends a maternity benefit of £7 10s., £5 to be given to the mother in instalments, the other £2 10s. to form a fund from which additional benefit might be given during pregnancy. The cost would be serious. But it can hardly be doubted that it would prove to be a productive

expenditure. Would not the expenditure of £7,000,000 be a good investment if it gave the nation a healthier womanhood and a stronger childhood? After all, it only represents about one-eighth of the present expenditure on the Navy.

MILLCENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

## Communications.

### THE MILITARY DISSENTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The occurrence of some new thing stirs men up to blame the originators or to praise them; but the effort to understand the novelty is more useful than the attempt to issue an order of affiliation on its behalf. The establishments of men are disestablished neither by this party nor by that, but by the enlargement of the issues between party and party. In the lesser struggles of "cause" with "cause," the combatants observe the rules of combat as they regard their honor; but even the laws of tourney develop, evolving out of special circumstances a kind of case law of their own. Where the conflict is merely a game, the rules are generally altered before or after the match; but if the affair be a vital struggle between right and right, the rules are altered by precedent, boldly taken under the urgent necessities of conflict. The surprised party can afford no time to protest, for the new "grip" or the sudden enlargement of the "ring" demands a quick readjustment of the old science to the new requirements; and in these struggles the referee is silent if referred to; his reward is given five generations later, when men have forgotten the issue it decides.

The rules of contest break just when they are most relied on; it is inevitably so. The formal expectation cannot stand when deliberately pitted against a vital need. Thus one by one the forms of Church discipline, social usage, and State government, break and disappear as they are brought forward to force the hand of a truly living championship. The man who wishes to conserve ancient usage must hide it when there is modern necessity in the field. The unavailing father who appeals to his angry and rebellious son on the grounds of patriarchal rights is far more likely to elicit from his offspring an open denial of the rights of parenthood than a protestation of repentance. If a man would teach his son to break away from the ancestral ideas of parental control, let him put the whole weight of his appeal upon those ideas when the son is in some awkward extremity. Men escape the tyranny of ideas only under a stern necessity; forms of government are kept, like sacred places, until they bar emergence from an insufferable position; then when the enemy presses in front, and the sacred precincts stand behind, we plunge into the temple and make it our battle tower, defiling it for ever for its ancient purposes, but re-dedicating it in the name of our great need. Nothing is so important as the life of the cause we stand for; only absolute necessities resist the pressure of our purpose. Thus the emergencies of politics are the testings of our Constitution. The weak points give under pressure, and in so far as one of the combatants was relying on those weak points, so far will he lose his day. Only if he can make good his cause in the wider ring into which he and his opponent have tumbled, will he win. The breaking down of the Constitution is annoying for the time being to those who are relying on it; but it is possible the very cleavage which annoys may ultimately advantage the cause of the man to whom it is at first a strong embarrassment. A point in the Constitution which has worn thin enough to break is very well broken; secure progress cannot be made while the channels of advancing life are insecure. To have forced the opponent, even unwittingly, to break the laws of combat, is possibly to have won a greater advantage than was to be obtained from the matter immediately in hand. The precedent will not need to be approved; there is no time for such a formal process in the battle of man with man for the interests of manhood. An old stronghold has proved incapable of stopping a retreat—incapable, not by an accident of its temporary condition,

or by special power of the retreating forces, but inherently incapable.

The British Army has hitherto been to the Government like a strong wall, against which no outside enemy could advance, and beyond which no inside opponent could retire. But this solid wall of reliance has been excavated by bold artificers, and become a honeycomb of refuges for the disconcerted and defeated citizen; it is a matter for further inquiry whether a similar process may not have been going on outside; whether (to drop the metaphor) the racial interests of the army man may not have been quickened as much as have his civic interests. The principle of "conscientious objection" has been admitted; it was suggested a little time ago to the ranks, but not approved of; it is now suggested to the officers by the champions of constitutionalism, the retired champions of the Army itself, by the leaders of religion, education, and commerce. It has become an admitted principle, and one therefore, which we may expect to be acted upon in England within the next two or three hundred years. For the immediate present we need to realize that we never know when we call the Army to a communion of blood, how many conscientious objectors there will be to the manner of the sacrament. The principle of non-conformity has begun to work, and no sane man can insist that another man shall be made to take up arms against a cause which he espouses in his heart—the cause, therefore of his veritable brother, whether he be brother Boer, brother Ulsterman, brother striker, or brother German.

Thus we may need to have an army "established by law," which is as inclusive and as various as a National Church would be that contrived to include every conscientious Conformist and Nonconformist in the kingdom; such an Army we shall have, if the principle of private conscience be truly tolerated. If, however, we are unfortunate enough to follow the development of the Church in similar circumstances, we must look forward to seeing the Army of the future, like the Church of the present, a hoard of internecine denominations; an Ulster army, a miners' army, a transport workers' army, a suffrage army, and an army of what not, in addition to an "Established" army; and this last, we may be sure, will begin by trying to discountenance its fellows, and end as the Church will end, either by being disestablished, or by including all others in its establishment before some common enemy. But even if every denomination of the British forces should manage to join for the one Imperial purpose of defending the defenceless, it is very doubtful whether we can ever again unite against a nation whose interests are largely laid upon the heart of vast sections of the British people.

The establishment of "conscience" in the Army is the disestablishment of international warfare; it is the beginning, perhaps, of a period of frequent civil conflicts, but also the beginning of a new age, wherein international war will be impossible. The suggestion of justifiable dissent in the matter of Ulster and the labor strikes is the fruit of recognizing that the soldier is still a man and a citizen, with the rights belonging to those two classes of being; his deeds of death are no longer to be done on the strength of the Government's conscience; each man is to shoot from his own conscience; he becomes in war no longer a warrior of his nation, but a murderer of his own opponent. Either murder is going up in the scale of human virtues, or war is going down in the scale of human vices. There is surely no need for Liberals to blame the constitutionalists and labor leaders for breaking down so formidable a part of the national constitution; let us see to it that we preserve this new method of politics, and always protect the dissenter when he dissents, whatever his precise dissent may be; while armies continue, let us maintain the whole Army in the establishment, granting, as is obvious we are required to grant, to each section that degree of self-government implied in the accepted principle of conscientious dissent; we must require co-operation when conscience permits, asking each soldier to fight only against the men and causes for whom or which he entertains a murderous hatred. We have to thank the stress of urgent politics for a courageous step which, though it may involve national disaster, may prove to be on the highway to racial advantage.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. RUSSELL.

Presteign, March 31st, 1914.



## Letters to the Editor.

### ARMY OR PEOPLE: WHICH?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the "Events of the Week," in your last week's issue, in commenting on the Army crisis, you use these words: "For the moment, the only fact of consequence is that there is gathering a great host of democracy which is going to see this thing through. In our view, a treaty should at once be struck with Labor, giving it a hundred seats, and this united army power to sweep the country, and vindicate the rights of the citizen."

That, in my judgment, is one of the best things you have said for many a day, and is real practical politics. I trust it will appeal with irresistible force to my fellow-Liberals everywhere. No one can charge you with insatiable greed in suggesting a hundred seats as the due of the Labor wing of safety and progress—we can do with a few more John Wards in the House of Commons.

On one subject I do not agree with you, or other adverse critics, namely, in the condemnation of Colonel Seely so unsparingly. I appeal to you and others for more patience and gentleness towards a good and brave man. We do not yet know the whole of this story, and probably never will; and Colonel Seely is just the man who would rather suffer in silence than shelter himself at the expense of others. Meantime, while waiting for more light, let us thank God for the cool brain and strong arm of Mr. Asquith. He has a giant's work to do, but he is bringing a giant's strength to bear upon it.—Yours, &c.

HENRY MUNRO.

Ness Mount, Inverness.

March 30th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Being a Radical and Home Ruler in politics, it is needless to say that I find myself, as a careful student of our history, in entire agreement with your presentment of the constitutional principles governing the relations between Parliament and the Army. Having served some forty years, both as a regimental and staff officer, I may claim to know something of the views and actuating principles of my brother officers. The digest of facts bearing on the crisis that you gave in your last issue appears to me as fair and accurate a version as is possible, so long as this carnival of ferocity and mendacity is maintained by the Unionist press; and yet you will, I believe, allow me to deprecate as much the tone as the underlying assumption of your editorial comments. Your leader speaks of "mutinous officers"; you state that "the majority of Army officers support Colonel Seely" (or General Gough, it is not quite clear which) "in his determination not to coerce Ulster, and would cripple any force, &c., &c." These are *petitiones principii*, which mar the effect of your main contention. You seem to assume as an axiom that the sixty cavalry officers at the Curragh are a fair sample of the officers of the Army generally. I happen to know from information at my disposal that this is the very opposite of the actual truth. It is indeed true that were the present generation of officers to return at this moment to the status of civilians, the majority, but by no means all, would be found to "vote Tory." This would be perfectly legitimate and within their rights, however much I may regret it. My point is that while still serving they emphatically and unequivocally disclaim any political preference or conviction which might interfere for a moment with their paramount purpose to obey all lawful commands received in pursuance of their duty as soldiers. They regard it as a privilege to be removed from the storms, temptations, and occasionally shady transactions that too often characterize the practice of politics, and rejoice that they are tied down to no more critical responsibility than that of how best to carry out precise instructions. They are bred up to ideas of a strict discipline, know something of its antithesis in the decline of the Roman Empire, and are sufficiently versed in the Constitution of our own land to appraise their own status and duties as servants of the Crown. Devotion to the strict path of duty at any cost amounts to a passion, and nothing

so frets and worries the soul of the typical officer as the execution of orders of which the exact lawfulness is doubtful, or where any margin is left for conscientious reservation.

Let us try to picture to ourselves the elements of the problem as they appeared to the minds of these simple and loyal men on that notable night of the interview at the Curragh. The palpable ineptitude and lack of constitutional insight that marked Colonel Seely's verbal instructions—the well-meant but tactless and vague reproduction—involving errors inseparable from a double hearsay—of Sir A. Paget's version—the option in the alternative which he was undoubtedly understood by his officers to give, under which an act of obedience that he admitted to be painful might be evaded on "resignation"—still worse, the insulting implication as it must have seemed to all present, that they were not prepared loyally to obey distasteful orders—and, to complete our view, the direct incitements of Unionist leaders and press to mutiny, combined with false reports as to the Government's intentions in Ulster. It must be conceded, too, that some of the orders actually issued at that juncture, especially those to the ships of war, were both unwise and ill-timed. Can we be much surprised if honest and gallant men, invited thus to dissect their consciences, and told to come to a decision within a few hours, should feel that they committed no disciplinary offence in adopting the War Office suggestion to resign? It is, I grant, regrettable that the cavalry officers (for it applies to that arm alone) should have failed to perceive the sinister air imparted to their proceedings by their resigning *en masse*; and further, that (no matter what Sir A. Paget may have seemed to suggest) such simultaneous action was bound to embarrass the Executive Government. I am, however, of opinion that the Cabinet showed a sound discretion in assuming that the conditions embodied in Sir A. Paget's appeal were such as to render a response in exact accord with real discipline well-nigh impossible.

I have, on good authority, a further fact, with which you, sir, do not appear to be acquainted, and which should profoundly modify your judgment. The officers of the Infantry and Artillery Brigade at the Curragh, led (I believe) by their Brigadiers, signified an absolute and unanimous intention to obey orders without question. I will not say that the impression on their minds was not a painful one, but its essence lay in the fact that their loyalty should have been for a moment implicitly impugned.

I hold no brief for General Gough, and feel quite unable to exonerate him from serious blame. But it is believed that, in reply to a correspondent on his return to Ireland, he stated that he should as a matter of course have instantly obeyed all orders, had not the option of resigning been distinctly tendered to him as an alternative. You have enumerated several charges which, if validly substantiated, should lead to his arraignment by Court Martial; but you write as if, instead of being mere allegations, they had already been substantiated as facts.

I must record also an emphatic protest against your statement that Sir Arthur Paget "knew that the Army was primed with mutiny." You must allow on mature reflection, that this random accusation was not quite worthy of the justice of your main contention. We must hope that, however unlikely it seems, the Premier was right when he stated that the demands embodied in General Gough's letter were "fair and reasonable." But after all, what is to be done in the way of placing this officer on his trial, in the face of the facts you enumerate as to the complicity of Mr. Bonar Law and his faction in what would seem to be direct incitements to mutiny? And to this I would add the whole conduct, so far as I have been able to observe it, of the Unionist press. It is simply deplorable that Lord Roberts should have sullied the close of an otherwise blameless and brilliant career, by lending himself to this seditious movement. Surely his *intention*, in the pledge he gave, was to prevent by all *purely political* machinery within his power, "the use of the armed forces of the Crown to deprive, &c." It is distressing in the last degree that he failed to detect the sinister use to which this pledge has been put by politicians less scrupulous than himself. I have to submit as an old Radical that in your efforts to array the whole Liberal and Labor Parties in a campaign to avenge the flouting of the authority of Parliament upon



(apparently) the heads of certain officers, you are altogether mistaking the proper objective. No more loyal set of men exist in Great Britain or elsewhere than the officers of the British Army. The most advanced democrat and confirmed reactionary may alike rely upon their sense of honor and duty whenever the orders they receive are clear and *bona fide*. The real enemies of the Constitution, of the King, and of the country, I believe to be, with a few honorable exceptions, the Unionist leaders and Unionist press. The conditions of the case render any formal arraignment of the cavalry officers impossible and unfair. They can justly plead the extreme folly of the subordinate Ministers who led them into a species of trap, and then condoned the impulsive and foolish action which they took when thoroughly mystified, as something which was bound to mislead even less simple and more practised minds than theirs. The leaders of the Unionist conspiracy to sacrifice all dictates of patriotism and righteous dealing to the mad passion of ousting and discrediting the Government which they cannot forgive for having passed the Parliament Act, can, alas! only be left to the tribunal of the country's electorate. We must pray and work that that verdict shall be one of the most scathing condemnations in the records of our national history.—Yours, &c.,

W. MARRIOTT SMITH,  
(Colonel, retired).

April 1st, 1914.

[In the first sentence which Colonel Marriott Smith quotes, "Colonel Seely" should read "General Gough." We did not say that the majority of officers were opposed to the coercion of Ulster, but that this was an assumption which might well arise from the failure to remove General Gough. As to the Army being "primed with mutiny," our meaning clearly was that the Opposition press and Opposition statesmen had "primed" them with mutiny. We are glad to have Colonel Marriott Smith's opinion that this assiduous and prolonged temptation has been better resisted than the events of the last few days would lead outsiders to believe.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You were good enough to notice a little book of mine, "Toryism." As the work of "a Tory Idealist," may I ask you to print this protest against the language you thought good to use last week on the Army crisis? When you denounce the "disloyal" officers, you may be sure that ordinary people will ask themselves, "Disloyal to whom?" These officers disobeyed no orders; they merely replied to the question put to them by the direction of some members of the Government, whether they would take part in active operations in Ulster, that sooner than do that they would resign.

There are many people, sir, who do not see eye to eye with the Orange Order, but some of us want your definition of "disloyalty." If it is disloyal to show disapproval of military operations thought necessary by the Government of the day, what shall we say of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and many more of your friends, during the South African War? Surely, to compel the Army—a body who represent the permanent traditions of the State—to execute by force a policy that commends itself to a very narrow and temporary majority of one House of the Legislature, is to push party politics to the extent of race suicide! I suggest that freedom of opinion deserves to be measured by the intensity of its conviction, not merely by a numerical standard.—Yours, &c.,

K. G. FEILING.

Hôtel de l'Univers, Tours.

March 31st, 1914.

[Mr. Feiling's letter supplies the answer he asks of us. When we speak of "disloyal officers," we mean "disloyal" to the Parliament which alone sustains the Army. It is disloyalty to demand from the representative of that Parliament guarantees that officers shall be dispensed from carrying out a law that it passes, if that law be met with treasonable resistance proceeding from a rebel Government, supported by armed forces illegally raised and drilled. It is clear that Mr. Feiling approves such conduct. Why, then, should he blame us for fitting to it the only word that appro-

priately describes it? Because, he suggests, the Army can have no proper sympathy with a law passed by a Liberal majority of the House of Commons, and made legal by the action of the Parliament Act. In other words, Mr. Feiling is for restoring the old unfettered veto of the House of Lords, and is content to see the Army used as an instrument for restoring that state of things. That is really an admission that the Army has been used as a political agent.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that what most Liberals want now is clear thinking and not rhetoric, and that your article, "The Military Coup d'Etat," is rather disappointing rhetoric? The plain man sees quite clearly that the officers at the Curragh have been very badly treated (1) by the Government, who did everything possible to persuade them that they were to be used as pawns in a political move; and (2) by the Opposition, who have done everything possible to persuade the world that they were pawns in another political plot.

The plain man also realizes that, coercion or no coercion, no Nationalist Government could possibly govern Ulster without Ulster's consent; and he wonders when politicians are going to remember that they might also be statesmen, and when the press is going to drop the dangerous luxury of hysterics.—Yours, &c.,

G. E. BRADBY.

Rugby, March 30th, 1914.

[Does an Executive Government seek to make the Army its accomplice in a "political move" by calling on it to go to the protection of the King's stores of war material and the places in which it is lodged? Even if a lenient view be taken of General Gough's earlier behavior—on the plea that there was some "misunderstanding" of perfectly reasonable and proper orders from the Executive—there is none for his later conduct. The issue of the Army against the People was therefore raised against Liberalism, not by it.—ED., THE NATION.]

## BURGOS OR SEVILLE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the current number of THE NATION, under "A Better World" (in "Life and Letters"), the writer says: "In the archives of the City of Burgos, in Northern Spain, there is said to be recorded a minute of the City Council which runs somewhat as follows: 'Resolved, to build a cathedral of such magnificence that future generations will say we were mad to have begun it.'"

May I point out that Edmondo De Amicis, in that charming "Spagna" of his, attributes this saying to the chapter of the primitive church of Seville, in a decree of July 8th, 1401: "Inalziamo un siffatto monumento che faccia dire ai posteri che noi eravamo pazzi"?

But perhaps other proud citizens may make use of the same words in the same way that so many in our own land show the bed in which good Queen Bess rested her royal bones.—Yours, &c.,

FRED BUSH.

H.M.S. "Excellent," Portsmouth.  
March 31st, 1914.

## AGRICULTURAL LABORERS' HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with interest and pleasure the letter of Mr. Redcliffe N. Salaman in the issue of THE NATION of the 21st inst. Might I trespass on your space to ask him a few questions? I take "Sunday observance" for granted. Does Mr. Salaman allow his men Bank Holidays as well as the ten days' holidays he speaks of, and if so, does he allow these also on full pay? If it is not the rule in Hertfordshire for agricultural laborers to take Bank Holidays, are there customary country holidays given, like the Catholic Church holidays in this country? Does Mr. Salaman give such holidays? Am I right in assuming that he does not wish his laborers to accumulate holidays from one year to

another, and therefore pays them at the end of each year for the balance not enjoyed? I suppose in such reasonable arrangements that *noblesse oblige* is the principle, and no one dreams of taking a holiday at times that are busy on the farm.

In County Dublin—which lies in a relative geographical position to Ireland that Hertfordshire lies to England, except in so far as it is a maritime county, with a considerable port—we have lately emerged from a partial strike of agricultural laborers. A weekly half-holiday was one of the demands made on behalf of the farm hands by the Agricultural Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. The Associated Farmers, rather an amoeba-like body, have not been able to deal with this Union as at present constituted; and, seeing that the Union is carrying on now a propaganda in the county to call another strike next harvest or earlier, many of the County Dublin farmers cannot see their way at the moment to recommend a half holiday, in spite of the justice that they feel is behind the men's demand. Mr. Salaman's plan might well be borne in mind, when we come to take action.

All reasonable and progressive farmers in this country ought to be grateful to his Majesty King George for giving us a lead in this and kindred matters. Let us hope our legislators, however, will remember to hasten slowly. In Great Britain Mr. Lloyd George will doubtless "hustle" the four seasons into a motor lorry. In this country, under Home Rule or "whatever new perfection treads upon our heels," we are likely for the present to lumber along to market in our two-wheeled carts.—Yours, &c.,

IRISH FARMER.

March 31st, 1914.

#### THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With reference to the "question" raised in your last issue I should like to point out that Theosophy and Christianity are not rivals—Christianity is an expression of that body of truth designated *Theosophy*, suited to the requirements of the *Teutonic races*. The teaching of reincarnation was withheld from the masses temporarily, as it had produced slackness in those who thought that they could delay their work till the next life.

With the modern questioning of the eternal verities, the doctrine of reincarnation would again take its place, showing that some of our experiences, which we cannot explain otherwise, are due to causes generated in former lives, and thus lead us to take up a more reasonable attitude of meeting them patiently.—Yours, &c.,

G. P. MANSUKHANI.

Lincoln's Inn, W.C., March 30th, 1914.

#### QUAKERS AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I see in your issue of March 28th that the question of the debate at the Adult Schools, Hartshead, has been raised in a controversy between Mr. Townroe and Mr. Graham. As one of the two members of the National Service League mentioned, may I be allowed to add one or two points to the discussion? In the first place, the debate was not arranged by the League, nor was any attempt made by us to induce our supporters to turn up. Commander Crean and I heard of it quite casually, and only decided to go an hour before the time.

The chief point of interest was that a very influential member of the Society of Friends made a striking speech in favor of universal service, on the grounds that it was the fairest and least provocative method of defence. He challenged all the Friends present to stand up and advocate the total abolition of Army and Navy, but not one would do so. "Then," said he, "your whole moral case against national service has fallen to pieces. By tacitly admitting the necessity for armed force in present circumstances, you must logically face the choice—voluntary or compulsory, universal or partial." No reply was attempted to this argument, and in a house of, I should say, some sixty or seventy, twenty-five voted for the motion, and, so far as I could count, thirty-three against. There may have been two or

three more against in the far corner of the room, but not more. I may add that the effect of that debate upon the attitude of the Sheffield Friends towards the League has been very marked. One of them said afterwards that "he had never imagined that the case for national service could be put on high moral grounds, but that debate had altered his opinion."

Frank regrets were also expressed in my hearing at the manner in which some members of the Society of Friends had attacked the League in the past. We do not claim any considerable body of Friends as our supporters, but we do claim that we have individual supporters, even in the Society itself.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER GOODCHILD.

The National Service League,  
72, Victoria Street, London.  
March 28th, 1914.

#### MR. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL AND "THE NATION."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your notice of my little book of selected essays is rather pert. I would not "have you believe" anything about my writing except the truth, and that you know as well as I do.

But your notice gives me a peg for the following statement, which, since I have ventured to criticize others, I am bound to make. My essays on "Arnold as Poet" and "Gilbert of the White Horse" contain some misprints and misplacements which make nonsense of what I wrote.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

March 28th, 1914.

#### MR. BARTRAM'S POEMS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The reviewer of "Minor Verse" states that he has "chosen at random" from my book. I fear the review is a result of "random reading," for I am sure such a verse as is quoted never issued from my pen. This may account for many of the funny things that he says about me.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE BARTRAM.

April 1st, 1914.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I regret that, owing to an oversight, I omitted to correct "bungler's" into "bungless" in the proof I received of Mr. Bartram's "England's Garland." It seems to me the only word which could possibly make any difference to the sense of the passage cited. The review is not a result of "random reading," as Mr. Bartram suggests, and can only be objected to from that point of view in the quotation which contains the mistake mentioned above and four insignificant printer's errors.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

#### THE TRANSLATABILITY OF HEINE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Replying to one's critics is a futile business. But when other things besides the author's personal vanity are at stake, an exception may, perhaps, be made. What is to a certain extent at stake here is the success of an attempt made to present one of Heine's greatest masterpieces in a popular yet artistic form at a low price and in a modern translation by one who felt a strong and earnest devotion to his task.

One is familiar with the old superstition or tradition prevalent among certain reviewers who, whenever the opportunity presents itself, will invariably and automatically harp upon the "untranslatability" of Heine. Such "snap-judgments" are usually uttered by those to whom the original is a sealed book, or by those who happen to be acquainted only with the sentimental Heine of the "Lieder."

There may, of course, be considerable justification for this attitude. Heine, owing to his seeming simplicity, is an author singularly tempting to amateur translators, and no

poet has suffered more at their hands. But to imagine that in the poetry of Heine there is anything transcendent, poetically-poetic, or esoteric, or to forget that even in German much of his direct and rippling verse has almost the form and feeling of direct and rippling prose, is to confess oneself ignorant of the essential content of his work and the nature of its expression, an altogether too common intellectual affliction which this little venture was in its little way meant to alleviate.

Your reviewer, who repeatedly misquotes the very title of the work he attempts to judge, assumes that I was anxious to preserve the "letter of the original." To this cheap and easy charge I reply that the very reverse was the case. The translation is entirely free, even to a variation in the rhythm which I decided to be technically desirable. "So academic!" cries this critic, and in order to prove it quotes a stanza that is one of the most whimsical, audacious, and *mondaine* in the entire work. It is evident that he does not comprehend the true value of this charming and fantastic classic, nor the lofty rank to which the greatest European critics have assigned it. I commend him to Brunetière, for example: "Lyric poetry in its most personal and subjective form, and satire in its most mordant and ironic phase, have never been more closely united nor more indissolubly welded into an harmonious whole than in this work, 'Atta Troll.' Like 'Gulliver's Travels,' it is unique of its class."

As to the merit of my translation, I am content to leave that to qualified judges and eminent literary men, English and German, who have already honored me with their flattering opinions of the work—Yours, &c.,

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Bank Point, Jackson's Lane,  
Highgate, N.  
March 28th, 1914.

#### ANTITOXIN AND DIPHTHERIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are left a little in the dark as to how far Mr. Stephen Paget's valiant entry into the matters at issue between Sir Ronald Ross and myself has the latter gentleman's knowledge, or consent, or approval.

The Secretary of the Research Defence Society makes very little, if any, attempt to meet the full brunt of my protest against the unnecessary confusion between the torture of animals by vivisection and its practical results in "the discovery or invention of vaccines and sera now upon the market," on the one hand, and the collected body of classified facts we call "science," on the other. He limits himself, very wisely, to one single issue—the attempted defence of the use of diphtheria antitoxin on the grounds of statistical results.

Permit me, first, a scrutiny which shall be bent on the principle involved in Mr. Paget's epistle.

As Dr. A. Lutaud (who, in 1899, was still, I believe, Editor-in-Chief of the "Journal de Medicine de Paris," and the author of "Études sur la Rage," &c.) has said in his little brochure on "Pasteur and Serotherapy": "The Pasteurians admit that for each infectious disease (and almost all diseases are infectious in our days) a specific microbe exists; this microbe secretes toxins (poisons), and it is the invasion of the human organism by the microbe and its toxins which determine the disease. Typhoid fever is due to the bacillus of Erberth; . . . diphtheria to the bacillus of Loeffler. First, medicines called antiseptics were sought in order to destroy the microbe; unfortunately, these medicines, if they killed the microbe, killed at the same time the person who harbored them!" [This is probably the reason why the antiseptics, which brought Lord Lister his peerage and other real rewards, has been so thoroughly abandoned and repudiated by the medical profession in favor of the extraordinarily simple alternative of asepsis, or scrupulous cleanliness, on which Lord Lister and other experts have had to fall back.—W. J. P.]

"So arose the original idea of applying to medicine in its entirety the principle of attenuated virus inaugurated some fifteen years ago, and to treat poison by poison. It is, in fact, the same method; small animals are inoculated with the microbe until they become refractory." [Even Mr. Paget's serenity would run a little acrid and "refractory" under such treatment.—W. J. P.] "Horses are then

inoculated with the same microbe, and they pretend to render them likewise refractory (and no horse suffers from clinical diphtheria!) And it is the blood of these animals which, inoculated in men, is to preserve them from infectious diseases, or to cure them of them!"

Then Dr. Lutaud goes on to stigmatize the method as full of dangerous possibilities of introducing instead of curing disease.

(1) In answer, then, to point 1, one naturally wonders what the *preventive* power of the antitoxin is worth, when, according to Mr. Paget, "antitoxin can no more prevent a bad diphtheria year than an umbrella can prevent a wet day, or blankets can prevent a cold night"! Are diseases like diphtheria, for instance, as much an inevitable part of frequent natural facts as wet days and cold nights? If so, how are we to explain the undoubted fact that as men learn and practise the laws of personal and social sanitation and hygiene, diphtheria steadily diminishes? Thus, for instance, the Registrar-General's return shows clearly that the disease which in 1891-95 stood as high as 252.6 per million, and which, notwithstanding the use of the serum from 1894 onwards, rose in 1895-1900 to 272.4 per million, sank in 1901-05 to 204.2 per million, and is still sinking! How does the parallel of regular wet days and cold nights fit this definite fall, equally definite at home and abroad? Antitoxin was supposed to prevent *death*; and there were more deaths after its introduction. The coincidence is strange!

Mr. Stephen Paget modestly says now that "antitoxin prevents *children*, if they catch diphtheria, from dying of it." What a shrinkage from the hopes and boasts of the Pasteurian School! One would think Mr. Paget had never heard of adult cases of diphtheria.

(2) Mr. Paget's remark that "many thousands of cases which used to be called 'croup' are now called 'diphtheria' is a cruelly double-edged sword for him to grasp." "This fact," he says, "profoundly influences the figures of the annual death-rate from diphtheria." It does, indeed, and in a way Mr. Paget singularly omits to mention. Thus Professor Woodhead admitted before the Royal Commission that, if the bacillus is found, the injection of antitoxin is made without pausing for the false membrane. That is, if only the Klebs Loeffler bacillus is found in a case of croup or sore throat, in goes the antitoxin, and if the patient recovers in spite of the treatment, up starts "a genuine diphtheritic cure," to the delight of Mr. Paget and the confusion of those humane persons who loathe vivisection and all its array of filthy injections! The Royal Commission, in their Report on "Diphtheria," point out that this alleged specific organism has been found in as many as 15 per cent. of *healthy* throats, and sought for in vain in as many as 20 per cent. of diphtheritic throats; and they add that "other factors may have to be examined and taken into account, as well as serum or no serum, in drawing conclusions from statistical data." And this, remember, from a Commission on which no opponent of vivisection was invited to sit! It may interest your readers to know that from the Registrar-General's returns, the death-rate from croup and diphtheria together, from 1871-1880, was only 261 per million, while in 1891-1900, after six years of antitoxin, the death-rate rose to 314 per million! *Verb. sap.*

(3) Mr. Paget tells us that the death-rate from diphtheria in the metropolis has fallen steadily from 13 per 100 cases in 1900, to 6 per 100 cases in 1912. If we accept this for the sake of argument, we have a fine exhibition of the use of the silent assertion. The inference Mr. Paget wishes us to draw is that this fall is due to the use of antitoxin. If it is not that, his remark has no meaning. I deny this silent assertion, and throw the onus of proof on the person who makes it.

4. Mr. Paget asks us to test the value of antitoxin by treating 500 diphtheria patients with it and leaving a second 500 untreated, and watch the results.

That set which shows the greatest number of deaths will be the uninoculated, he thinks. But will it? I look at the figures of the Metropolitan Asylums Board from 1895 to 1907. I put their tables side by side. Whether one considers them graphically or in tabular form, the result is the same. It is a result given by a body which is favorable to Dr. Paget's defence of the antitoxin, yet, as a result, it condemns his client absolutely! "*Cæsarem appellaste; ad Cæsarem ibis!*"



FIGURES TAKEN DIRECT FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE REPORT OF  
THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD.

Year.	WITH ANTI-TOXIN.			WITHOUT.		
	Cases.	Deaths.	Per cent.	Cases.	Deaths.	per cent.
1895	2,182	615	28.1	1,347	181	13.4
1896	2,764	717	25.9	1,411	154	10.9
1897	4,381	896	20.4	1,078	62	5.7
1898	5,186	906	17.5	1,186	84	7.0
1899	7,039	1,082	15.38	979	44	4.4
1900	7,271	936	12.88	954	51	5.3
1901	6,499	817	12.57	1,013	32	3.2
1902	6,015	714	11.8	824	27	3.2
1903	4,839	493	10.18	583	11	1.88
1904	4,070	444	10.91	569	20	3.51
1905	3,734	335	9.0	490	11	2.2
1906	4,149	432	10.4	788	12	1.5
1907	5,121	530	10.37	494	14	2.84

Average for the whole period, 14.09 per cent. with antitoxin.  
Average for the whole period, 6.0 per cent. without antitoxin.

With what unwitting truth does Mr. Paget remark in this connection, "There is not the very faintest doubt of the answer to this question!"

(5) Mr. Paget gives some statistics concerning two Paris hospitals, which, if correct, would support his contention; but the authority he quotes from is suspected; for do they not supply antitoxin at the Pasteur Institute? Many conditions may have been different in the two hospitals, apart from antitoxin.

(6) Let us unite in thanking Mr. Paget for the information that diphtheria antitoxin is not a perfect method. If he chooses to call it a potent remedy, he can; but after the data have been examined, a great multitude of thoughtful minds will compassionately murmur of such easy convictions, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat"—matters of faith and matters of fact are equal to Mr. Paget. Hence his power to "safely reckon" 250,000 lives as saved by antitoxin. But when he speaks of the risks of untoward results "as a shadow of a shade," one must beg to differ.

The accounts given of fatal cardiac paralysis following the antitoxin in von Dieudonne's "Ergebnisse der Sammel-forschung und Serumtherapie" are grim enough. Drs. W. C. Bosanquet and John W. H. Eyre, in the 1909 edition of "Serum, Vaccines, and Toxins," say that "It cannot be denied that in a certain number of instances the injection of diphtherial antitoxin has been followed by death directly attributable to the action of his serum. Syncopy, cerebral trouble, abscesses, and paralysis, are all admitted dangers of diphtherial antitoxin, and they are admitted by privationist medical men.

Finally, I would urge that alleged cures dependent upon the inevitable torture of animals are a disgrace to all the instincts which make us most human, and therefore most near the divine, and that the man who consciously seeks safety from disease by such means is bound to sink to moral blindness and coarseness.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM J. PIGGOTT.

#### CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We ask you to-day to make known the need for an army of new workers to carry on one of London's most happily inspired charities. The Children's Country Holidays Fund requires a dozen honorary secretaries and perhaps a hundred voluntary workers, in addition to those already engaged, and needs them in every part of the London area. The fund, more necessary year by year to this vast and ever-growing city, sees its development arrested, and even its present usefulness threatened, by the increasing difficulty in filling the gaps in the body of workers whom the late Canon Barnett gathered around him, and whom he seemed able to call from the four quarters of the city in numbers that grew always larger as the work developed. In spite of the increasing competition of paid social work, and the attraction which its apparently more serious character has for those who are desirous of helping their fellows, we believe that there are very many—both men and women—who would willingly come forward to fill the vacancies amongst our honorary secretaries and in the ranks of our visitors to the London schools and parents' homes, if once they understood the extent of our need and the oppor-

tunities offered by work for this fund to train oneself in, and to render, social service.

The object of the fund is not only to give holidays to the children of the very poorest, but also to supplement the efforts of that vast number of self-respecting and hard-working citizens, whose budget does not offer sufficient margin to cover the whole cost of a holiday for their little ones. The children we are helping may be ailing; they may have recently recovered from some operation or illness; or it may be that they have never seen the blue sky arching over a green field, or wild flowers growing freely by the wayside. Their parents contribute according to their means to promote the children's health and happiness, and the relation thus brought about between them and the Children's Country Holidays Fund affords an unrivalled opportunity for those who have some leisure to bestow in helping those about them to get, naturally and easily, into touch with the poorer wage-earners. The nature of the gift—a child's holiday—is such that it can be accepted with no loss of dignity, and the intercourse is rendered all the pleasanter by the fact that any money that actually passes is paid by the parent and received by the visitor. The work amalgamates admirably with that of the Care Committees, the pressure of the latter being at its heaviest in the winter and of the former in the summer, the children dealt with being in many cases the same. The honorary secretaries of C.C.H.F. Committees in any part of London will find work to call out and develop all their powers of organization; will acquire as wide a knowledge of conditions in the district as they can hope by any means to obtain, and will find themselves admirably placed for entering upon further social service if desirous of so doing.

We shall be glad if anyone who wishes to learn more of the opportunities of social service indicated in this letter will communicate with the Secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Marchand, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER OF TECK, President.

ARRAN, Treasurer.

HAMBLEDEN, Trustee.

LOREBURN, Trustee.

FRANCIS MORRIS, Chairman, Executive Committee.

J. BAYFIELD CLARK, Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee.

### Poetry.

#### THE FAMOUS PREACHER.

As in a dream, the seasons come and go,  
Whether it is the season of the snow  
Or of the breaking rose I do not know—  
I hardly care to know.

Those who have called me shepherd pass me by  
In church or street or field, no flash of eye;  
I do not greet them, am too tired to try—  
I hardly care to try.

I never know the hour, nor know the day,  
And when they talk to me I cannot say  
Their names, for whom my God has bade me pray—  
I hardly care to pray.

I sold my soul to Satan the Æsthete,  
His foulest servants listen at my feet  
Year in, year out, and find my sermons sweet—  
How bitter now is sweet!

From this defilement, Jesus, set me free!  
I ask but death, I ask but death of Thee!  
Death, and oblivion through eternity—  
Through dark eternity.

EDITH ANNE STEWART.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Land: The Report of the Land Enquiry Committee." Vol. II. "Urban." (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)
- "The Confederation of Europe." By W. A. Phillips. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Customary Acres and their Historical Importance." By Frederic Seebohm. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Where no Fear Was: A Book about Fear." By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
- "On Money, and Other Essays." By G. S. Street. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Jesus in the Nineteenth Century, and After." By H. Weinell and A. G. Widgey. (T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal." By Diana Watts. (Heinemann. 21s. net.)
- "Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook." By Maria Montessori. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Corner-Stone of Education." By Edward Lyttelton. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
- "Greece of the Hellenes." By Lucy M. J. Garnett. (Sir Isaac Pitman. 6s. net.)
- "Ecuador." By C. Reginald Enock. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Sea is Kind." By T. Sturge Moore. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)
- "Dodo the Second." By E. F. Benson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "Paris Pendant la Terreur." Tome II. Par Pierre Caron. (Paris: Picard. 8 fr.)
- "Cubistes, Futuristes, Passésistes." Par Gustave Coquiot. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.)
- "La Révolte." Roman. Par André Beaunier. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

It is good news to hear that Lord Bryce is engaged upon a history of modern democracy. Few living writers could handle the subject with the same combination of ripe scholarship and practical knowledge of the problems of democracy, and Lord Bryce's work is certain to be a notable addition to the world of books.

A POLITICAL biography of unusual interest which Messrs. Longmans have in the press is "The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope," by the late Miss Ghita Stanhope and Mr. G. P. Gooch. At the time of her death in 1912, Miss Ghita Stanhope had brought the narrative down to the outbreak of the French Revolution. Mr. Gooch has prepared her manuscript for the press, and has written the concluding half of the book. Stanhope, like Shelburne, is one of the suppressed characters of English history. We are able to quote from Mr. Gooch's preface the following summary of his claims to be remembered:—

"The son-in-law of Chatham, the nephew by marriage of Grenville, the comrade and then the enemy of Pitt, the protégé of Wilkes, the formidable antagonist of Fox during the Coalition and of Burke during the French Revolution, the valued supporter of Wilberforce, the friend of Franklin and Condorcet, Grattan and Price, the ally of Shelburne and Lauderdale in their opposition to the Great War and of Lord Holland in his championship of religious liberty, the butt of Gillray and the bogey of Horace Walpole, the hero of the youthful Coleridge and Landor, the oracle of the little band of Parliamentary Reformers who never lost courage or hope, the patron of Lancaster's schools, the friend of Fulton and Rennie, and himself an inventor of the first rank—few of his contemporaries touched the life of his age at so many points."

STANHOPE's inventions give him a high place in the history of science. The first boat ever propelled by steam was built by him, and launched on a piece of water in his grounds at Chevening. When his invention, which had cost him twenty years of labor, was declined by the Admiralty, he amused the House of Lords by declaring that some of its members would live to see steamships crossing the Atlantic, a prophecy which was fulfilled only two years after his death. A further list of his inventions is given in the Duchess of Cleveland's "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," recently published by Mr. Murray:—

"There was the calculating machine which so long preceded Babbage's; the Stanhope printing press (from which all subsequent presses have been more or less copied); the Stanhope lens for testing the skins of fever patients; the

plan for securing buildings from lightning by means of 'the returning stroke,' contained in his 'Treatise on Electricity'; a new method of tuning musical instruments; the reasoning machine for exposing the sophistry of false logic, which occupied him even on his death-bed, &c., &c."

A NEW volume of studies by Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, is to appear towards the end of the season. Its title is "Psychology and Social Sanity," and its aim is to show the aid which psychological research can bring towards the solution of modern social problems.

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has already presented himself in the world of books as novelist and a poet. His coming book, "The New Optimism," to be published by Mr. Lane, will show him in the character of essayist. Among his other topics, Mr. Stacpoole discusses the possibilities of human progress, now that men have developed a world-soul, and are capable of thinking collectively instead of individually. As its title indicates, the book takes a cheerful view of the future.

A FRESH biography of Coleridge is to be written by a grand-daughter of James Gillman, at whose house in Highgate the poet spent the greater part of the last eighteen years of his life. Gillman published a "Life of Coleridge" in 1836, but he left behind him many interesting documents which have not been printed, and these will be incorporated in the coming volume.

"A STEVENSON BIBLIOGRAPHY," by Mr. J. Herbert Slater, is the first volume of a new series published by Messrs. Bell, which promises to be decidedly useful to collectors of books, as well as to librarians and booksellers. Instead of the old chronological arrangement, the books are entered in alphabetical order. Each entry is followed by a bibliographical note, giving full information about the size, the publishers, the different editions that have been issued, and the present auction prices. Booklovers already owe a good deal to Mr. Slater, and, judging from the first volume, their debt will be greatly increased by this new series.

SOME fresh facts about Oliver Goldsmith's medical studies are to be found in an article by Sir Ernest Clarke in the current "Nineteenth Century." Sir Ernest Clarke has had the good fortune to discover several unpublished documents, among them some letters written by Goldsmith, and a long letter from Malone to Bishop Percy, which prove that the poet studied medicine with more thoroughness than his biographers have believed. In a letter from Edinburgh to his brother-in-law, he speaks of attending the public lectures there, adding in characteristic terms: "I am in my lodging. I have hardly any society but a folio book, a skeleton, my cat, and my meagre landlady. I read hard, which is a thing I never could do when the study was displeasing." There is, indeed, quite enough evidence in Sir Ernest Clarke's article to refute the common view that Goldsmith was incapable of energy and persistence. Even Thackeray failed to do him justice. We learn from a passage in the "Memoir of Whitwell Elwin" that when "The Virginians" was in its early stages, Thackeray expressed his intention of bringing into the novel Garrick, Johnson, and Goldsmith, representing the latter, "as he really was, a little, shabby, mean, shuffling Irishman."

OUR comment upon the choice of books for inclusion in the cheap reprints has brought a long letter from a correspondent who complains that books which have been reprinted over and over again, in all styles and at all prices, occupy far too much space in these series. He sends us a list of works which he thinks would be bought and read if issued at a cheap price. Here are a few of the volumes in his selection: Erasmus's "Colloquies" and "Letters," Strauss's "Life of Ulrich von Hutten," C. H. Lewes's "Aristotle," Brewster's "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," Baden Powell's "History of the Sciences," Wright's "History of Domestic Manners," Plutarch's "Essays," Sir George Cornewall Lewis's "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," Lucian's "Dialogues," Michelet's "Life of Luther," Rousseau's "Confessions," and selections from Voltaire and Diderot.

## Reviews.

### THE LAND.

"The Land: The Report of the Land Inquiry Committee."  
Vol. 2. Urban. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)

THE second volume published by the Land Inquiry Committee has all the virtues of its predecessor; it is thorough, dispassionate, scientific, and profoundly interesting. It is difficult, with this volume in one's hand, to recall without an effort the wild language that was used in the Tory press at the time this Committee was formed, about its spirit and intentions. A more sober and careful document has never been issued by the most non-political body of inquirers.

The first hundred pages are occupied with a survey, of great value and interest, of contemporary conditions. The picture it presents is sufficiently grave. Take this general statement as to the extent of overcrowding:—

"The figures from the Census of 1911 show to what extent overcrowding still exists. According to these figures, *no less than one-fourth of all urban dwellings had less than four rooms*. The Census Authorities lay down the general principle that houses are overcrowded when there are more than two persons to a room—including kitchen, &c., but not scullery, as well as bedrooms. Thus, if a tenement of cottage consists of two bedrooms and a kitchen, the Census Authorities would only describe it as overcrowded if there were more than six persons living in it, no matter how small the rooms. The Census test of overcrowding is, in fact, quite inadequate to measure the full extent of the evil, and there is great need for the adoption of a more accurate one. *Even adopting this standard, however, the Census Authorities find that one-tenth of the total urban population of England and Wales are overcrowded*. This means that nearly 3,000,000 persons are overcrowded. In the great Tyneside towns no less than one-third of the population are overcrowded, the figures being: Gateshead, 33·7 per cent.; South Shields, 32·9 per cent.; Sunderland, 32·6 per cent.; Newcastle, 31·7 per cent.; Tynemouth, 30·8 per cent."

The effect of overcrowding on health is illustrated from the evidence of doctors, and an effective passage is recalled from the Report of the Commission on Housing in 1885 to the effect that in low neighborhoods, "upon the lowest average, every workman lost twenty days in the year from simple exhaustion." Why does that state of things persist in spite of Housing Acts and Public Health Acts? The answer is that there is a want of life and energy in local administration, and that there are a number of causes tending to discourage local authorities. In the first place, knowledge is inadequate. The Housing and Town Planning Act has brought some improvement, and it would have brought a great deal more in the way of improvement if Sir John Dickson Poynder's amendment, making a quinquennial survey compulsory, had been adopted. Then there is the obsession of the rates. (In some cases, the Committee report, local authorities have gone so far as to conspire with local landowners to prevent the erection of working-class dwellings.) Many authorities, again, have a low standard. Medical officers of health have to struggle against the potent influences of bad custom and tradition. More important, in some places, is the fear of causing hardship to poor owners. (The worst property is often owned by people who cannot put down £20 to £30 to make a house habitable.) Medical officers of health and inspectors have an insecure tenure; this abuse might have been corrected in 1909, but the amendment designed for that purpose was defeated. Most important of all, there is often no alternative accommodation for the dispossessed if the local authority does its duty in getting rid of bad houses. A magistrate, the other day, thought he would get over this difficulty by putting the overcrowded men in prison; but that solution has obvious drawbacks.

The shortage of houses is a widespread evil not peculiar to any one kind of town. It is believed by the Committee, as the result of their investigations, to affect half or more of the towns of England and Wales. It is not confined to towns where there has been an abnormal increase of population, or to those where trade is exceptionally prosperous. It is the result of a permanent and normal condition of deficient supply. To what is this deficiency due? Taking

the ten years, 1903-1913, the Committee estimate that some 90,000 houses under £20 rental are built annually, representing an annual expenditure of £18,000,000. The sums spent by local authorities and lent by Public Works Loan Commissioners amounted to less than £200,000 a year. Hence 99 per cent. of working-class houses are supplied by private enterprise. These houses are built, in the main, by the small speculative builder, who works with a narrow margin of capital, and counts on selling his houses quickly. Inland Revenue returns show that more than half of the total number of working-class houses are owned by people who leave less than £5,000 at their death. The success of the building industry thus depends, not only on the enterprise of builders, but on the willingness of the small investor to purchase. The present acute shortage is partly the result of the Budget:—

"That the Finance (1909-10) Act, 1910, actually had a considerable effect in checking house-building there can be no doubt. It operated in two ways. First, in the political controversy which took place over the Budget, extravagant statements were made by the opponents of that measure, which created a strong feeling of insecurity among property-owners generally, and especially those small owners who had not the necessary knowledge to judge whether the Finance Act would really affect them adversely or not. Secondly, in many cases the value put on mortgaged house property by the Government valuers was considerably lower than its original valuation, either because the property had depreciated or because the valuation had been too high, so that mortgagees, realising that they had not the margin of security on their loans which they had imagined, called them in, and the mortgagors, chiefly on account of the state of the Money Market, but partly on account of the sense of insecurity in the Property Market, could obtain new mortgages on terms which they could afford, and were in some cases obliged to sell at a loss.

"Of course, an accurate valuation of property is a great advantage, even if it involves loss and inconvenience to mortgagors. The financial position of mortgagees, many of whom would inevitably have suffered had they continued to lend their money with inadequate security, is much sounder than before."

But this is only one of many causes, and it is a temporary cause. More serious causes are dear money, increased cost of building, more stringent bye-laws, and recent rise in rates. In ten years, 1901-1910, the average public rate per £ of valuation has increased by 14½ per cent. in the county boroughs, and by 17 per cent. in the urban districts.

This examination of the facts shows at once that the Housing Policy of the future must be a systematic and coherent policy for dealing with a number of evils and abuses that are related to each other. Hitherto working-class dwellings have been provided mainly by the speculative builder, assisted by the development of Building Societies, by Co-operative Industrial Societies, and Public Utility Housing Societies, the last-named class having developed rapidly in recent years. Local authorities have merely supplied some kind of control and regulation. In future local authorities are to be given much wider and more direct responsibility. They are to be responsible for seeing that there is adequate and sanitary housing accommodation; they are to prepare a preliminary planning scheme, in order to control future developments. In cases where there is a shortage of working-class dwellings and suitable sites are not available at reasonable prices, the local authorities are to be obliged to promote transit schemes, and in any such scheme it is to be arranged that the increment in land values so caused should be secured by the authority providing the scheme. Every local authority is to be required to make a complete survey, to the satisfaction of the central authority for housing conditions, and a complete scheme of the action it proposes to take in order to bring the standard of housing up to a required minimum. The central authority will keep a control partly by appointing officers in different parts of the country, partly by making its grants to local authorities dependent on the performance of all the duties thrown on the authorities by law.

But in some respects there is no recommendation more important than the recommendation which recognizes that the housing problem is partly a wage and labor problem:—

"That, since the present unsatisfactory housing conditions are largely due to the presence, in nearly every



town and urban district, of a considerable proportion of persons unable to pay an economic rent for a sanitary dwelling, the Government shall

"(a) Take means to secure that within a short and defined period a minimum wage shall be fixed for all low-paid wage-earners; and that the minimum wage fixed under statute shall, in the case of men of normal ability, not be less than the sum required to keep a family of normal size in a state of physical efficiency, and to enable them to pay an economic or commercial rent for a sanitary dwelling; and

"(b) Take steps to regulate the labor market, with a view to decreasing the amount of casual employment."

On this subject the Committee put the case very well elsewhere:

"The problem resembles in its essential features that which confronted us in rural districts, where the difficulty of providing houses arose principally from the poverty of the population. The Government has definitely decided to deal with the rural problem, not by letting cottages below an economic rent, but by raising the economic status of the workers, and thus enabling them to pay for a sanitary dwelling out of their wages. No doubt, even after this has been done, there will be a residuum of people who for various reasons are unable to pay an economic rent for a healthy cottage without help from the local authority. But these cases will be exceptional, and can be dealt with by the local authorities without State aid.

"If the Government, for adequate reasons, has come to the conclusion that, in the case of agriculture, employers shall be obliged to give their workers wages which will allow them to pay an economic rent, it seems inevitable to arrive at a similar decision in dealing with urban employers. The arguments against a subsidy for rural housing apply with equal force to urban housing; and if they are valid in the one case they cannot logically be set aside in the other. If, therefore, the Government decide to reject the first alternative in the towns, as they have done in the country, they must fall back on the second; otherwise it will remain impossible for local authorities to carry out the duty of seeing that none of the members of the community are living in houses which are unfit for human habitation."

A large policy for dealing with housing in its widest sense must, of course, embrace measures for facilitating the acquisition of land by public authorities, for removing the artificial restrictions due to the leasehold system, copyhold, and primogeniture, and for reforming the rating system in order to remove discouragements to improvement, and to prevent the results of public expenditure from going into private pockets. The Committee discuss all this side of the problem with great care and thoroughness. On the vexed subject of rating, they recognize the advantage of combining two reforms, the reform of the system of grants in aid with the reform of local taxation. It is generally agreed that larger contributions must come from the centre, and the moment when the local burdens are thus relieved is the opportune time for carrying out a readjustment of those burdens. The Committee recommend that further relief, amounting to £5,000,000, should be granted from Imperial taxation to local rates; that all future increases in local expenditure should be met by a rate upon site values, and that existing expenditure should be met in part by a penny rate on capital site values. The rating of site values has sometimes been criticized as likely to lead to the destruction of open spaces, but, of course, it is a capital feature of the Committee's scheme that there is to be full control of the growth of towns. Any plan that does not make complete provision for open spaces would be condemned.

The Report provides very full material, presented with admirable lucidity, and rendered easy to read and follow, and it will be welcomed with gratitude and studied with diligence by all who are interested in the happiness and welfare of the English town.

#### LORD WELLESLEY'S MELANCHOLY CAREER.

"The Wellesley Papers." By the Editor of "The Windham Papers." (Jenkins. 2 vols. 32s. net.)

THE first Earl of Mornington was an Irish peer, of whom the "Dictionary of Biography" records that he composed glees, and he had six sons, of whom one died in infancy and four

received peerages. The eldest son became Marquis Wellesley, the second Lord Maryborough, the third the Duke of Wellington, and the fifth Lord Cowley. These sons did not all hold the same views. Lord Wellesley was in favor of Catholic Emancipation, whereas Lord Maryborough, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland (1809-1812) and the Duke of Wellington, who was his predecessor in that office, were both hostile, and in 1814 Lord Wellesley, who was a Free Trader, and had gravitated to the views of the Opposition in many matters, was in favor of recognizing Napoleon after his escape from Elba. It would be difficult to name a family that took so conspicuous a part in the public life of this country, or so large a share of the prizes. One brother was Governor-General of India and Viceroy of Ireland, another held all the most important of the diplomatic offices, a third was a Cabinet Minister for nine years, and the fourth was the Duke of Wellington. It was to Lord Wellesley, the eldest of the family, that the Duke was indebted for an important and happy turn in his early fortunes. Arthur Wellesley was so sickened by his first experience of military service, under the Duke of York in the Netherlands, that he tried to leave the Army and get some civil appointment. Failing in this, he went out to India and experienced his only serious repulse as a soldier. At this moment his brother, the new Governor-General, in the teeth of some not unnatural criticism, gave him an important military command, and he won a victory that recalled Plassy.

India, which marked the beginnings of one brother's fortunes, might seem to some to have exhausted the good fortune of the other. Not that Wellesley himself saw much good fortune in his career in India. No recognition of his services would have satisfied his appetite for homage; and the full extent of his immense achievements in establishing British ascendancy was not appreciated for some long time afterwards. The Court of Directors, who could not stand his imperious treatment of their authority, were doubtful about his policy. Those politicians whom he respected at home knew that his eight years had marked a turning-point in the history of India; but even they did not satisfy him. His letter, when Pitt made him an Irish Marquis for services that Wellesley himself thought deserved and demanded a dukedom, was a groan from the heart: "I cannot describe my anguish of mind in feeling myself bound by every sense of duty and honor to declare my bitter disappointment at the reception which the King has given to my services, and at the estimable mark of favor that he has conferred upon me." The year before he had written to Grenville: "To you I shall use no disguise, but inform you plainly that the manner in which I have conducted this war has been received with exultation, and even with the most unqualified admiration in India; and (to talk like Lord Abercorn) you will gain much credit by conferring some high and brilliant honor upon me immediately. The Garter would be much more acceptable to me than any additional title. . . ." When Wellesley came home, the descent from Olympus was almost unbearable. One of the most vivid passages in Cicero's speeches is his description of his mortification and surprise on returning from his questorship, to find that the people of Italy did not even know where he had been serving. Poor Wellesley never got over the return from the atmosphere of autocracy, in which he had lived as the centre of the life of India, to English manners. As soon as he landed, he shivered in the cold air of a comparatively free country. "There he was, with wife and children, and two or three friends from town, after all his impersonation of paramount power and impersonation of Oriental magnificence, made much of by vulgar waiters, just like any other Irish marquis on his travels." His wife, unfortunately, bantered him on the change. "You must not think you are still in India, where everybody ran to obey you. They mind nobody here." This was probably the beginning of their alienation. His wife had been his mistress for many years before he married her, and they were married just before he went to India. He thought it more discreet not to take her with him, and afterwards, when he thought himself sufficiently established to have her at his Court, he decided against it, for the sake of her health and their children. But those eight years of blind homage had made it impossible for him to live with a wife who had known him in his simpler days.

He returned from India when he was forty-five. His career, of course, was not over. He was Ambassador to Spain in 1809; Foreign Secretary under Perceval for the next three years; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1821-28 and in 1833-34; and he stepped down into private life through the office of Lord Chamberlain, which he held in 1835. But he was never happy or contented. He despised and disliked most of the people with whom he served, particularly Perceval, and the letters published in this volume serve to strengthen the impression of his discontented, sensitive, and suspicious nature. This is indeed an important aspect of the politics of the time; and the jealousies and ambitions of the little set of public men who thought they were defending England from rapine and democracy are painfully visible. These letters give an unpleasant picture of Canning and Castlereagh and of most of the people who were taking part in these combinations and conditions. Wellesley himself was asked to form a Government in 1812, and if the chance had come three years later he might have succeeded, for Grey and Grenville only differed at the moment on the war. But these letters all go to show that the East had corrupted Wellesley permanently. He was more enlightened than most of his contemporaries about Ireland as about most things, but his Irish career was largely spoilt by his ridiculous vanity. The Protestants hated him because he was for toleration, and when he was at the theatre some Orangemen threw a bottle into his box, and there was a riot. Wellesley insisted on treating this outburst as an attack on his life, and the people who had taken part in the riot were put on their trial for murder. The Grand Jury threw out the bill, and the Government, on the plea that the jury had been packed, which was probably true, prosecuted the rioters none the less, and brought on themselves a new mortification, for the next jury disagreed. Old Lady Rossmore, who was nearly ninety, was an important witness for the defence, for she said that it would have taken an older woman than herself to be frightened by the riot. The incident brought great discredit on the two most famous members of the Irish Government, and the only two who favored Catholic Emancipation, Wellesley and Plunkett, who was then Attorney-General.

The letters published in these volumes go to show that Wellesley was too difficult and irritable a man to succeed in a career where good comradeship is an important qualification for success. This is true to-day, and it was far truer in Wellesley's time. Every Government represented some kind of combination. The transactions of Governments, the activities of Ministers, were engrossed to an extent now inconceivable in personal accommodations and in bargains between leaders. There were the Tories who followed Canning, the Tories who followed Sidmouth, the Whigs who followed Grey, the Whigs who followed Grenville, and men like Wellesley whose principles never fell quite into line with those of any group. Almost every possible combination of persons was considered at one time or another; Canning's famous joke that Sidmouth was like the measles, and that every politician had him as a colleague once, was literally true. Canning himself thought seriously over a proposal from the Grenvilles that he should join the Ministry of All the Talents on the death of Fox. In such a world a man's capacity as a working colleague is all-important, and Wellesley, who was always on the look-out for slights, was fatally disqualified. It was not as if his personal gifts were of the showy and effective kind that might compensate, for though sometimes very happy in debate, he was a most uncertain speaker. He used to dress up tremendously for a great effort in the House of Lords, and then nervousness or ill-humor at the last moment would keep him silent. On one occasion he was expected to make a great speech in vindication of his policy, but he never opened his mouth. It was generally known that he meant to speak, and somebody asked Eldon on his return from the House of Lords: "What was the style of Lord Wellesley's speech?" "I think in that of Tacitus," was the answer.

These letters reveal an unhappy, discontented man. His chief consolation was his enjoyment of classical studies, and Lord Holland, to whom he was warmly attached to the last, discusses with him the style and expressions of his Latin verses. The East India Company gladdened his last years by showering honors and gratitude upon him, but one of his last acts was to write a memorandum setting out his services and his claims to a Dukedom. He belonged to an

age and a class that rarely missed anything for want of asking, but the bitterness of mortified hope that drew this appeal from the old man of eighty must have been deeper as it was more lasting than the raptures of his most brilliant hour of triumph.

#### OLD PEOPLE'S STORIES.

"England's Peasantry, and other Essays." By A. JESSOPP, D.D. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE older I grow, the more do I believe in tradition. Old people never invent; they do not much exaggerate, and the more ignorant they are the more accurately do they tell their stories." These words of the late Dr. Jessopp, from the best essay in the above book, "The Elders of Arcady," should be thought over by everybody. They are among those words of truth than which nothing can be truer—"nihil verius." The Victorian contempt for "oral tradition" (we remember the scornful tone with which the phrase would be quoted) was founded on the preposterous delusion that the sole fount of authenticity and veracity is print. What they saw as children, what they heard as children, these are the things which old people remember most clearly, which are the most real and living to them. The older the things are, the more vividly and accurately they are remembered. These memories stretch through history, and link the generations. Byron, wandering in the Forest of Ravenna, say, in 1820, meets an old woman gathering firewood, who had known Alberoni, who was born in 1664. The late Rector of Scarning evidently possessed the art of making these old people talk. One should rather say, his native geniality and sympathy evoked their confidences.

The essay on "The Elders of Arcady," referred to above, is full of the most delightful glimpses of the past. We confess we envy Dr. Jessopp his conversation with the old man who told him that as a boy in Fransham Church he had often "sot in they seats and watched the images." On hearing this we think he must almost have jumped out of his skin. The old man had been telling Dr. Jessopp of a Vandal parson, who in the first two decades of the nineteenth century had sawed off, first the angels from the roof of the church, on the ground that they were dangerous and might fall on the heads of the worshippers, and then the backs of the old oak seats, on the plea that they disposed people to laziness, and afforded facilities for sleeping during the sermon. "Many's the time," said the old man, "I've sot in they seats and watched the images." He was indignant at his parish priest's suggestion that he meant the roof angels. "S'pose I don't know a angel from a image?" said this rustic iconographer. His discrimination between the two is excellent, as of a village Didron.

"Why, a angel's got wings, and a image has got his close on. And a angel ain't painted all manner of colors, and they images, they was dressed in red and green, and two on 'em was men, and two on 'em was women. D'ye s'pose I don't know what a image is?" These images, it came out, were "a-top of the screen." It was not the Vandal who destroyed the backs of the seats and the angel-roof who cut them down, but an earlier parson still, scandalized by the assertion of one of the village lads that he had seen one of the images "move a goodish bit and nod his head." Akin to this phenomenon, no doubt, was "the motion of the eyes" of which Father Faber speaks as having been "observed in pictures of the Madonna in certain of the Roman States." However, the good Protestant soul of Parson Swatman took the alarm. He said "he'd have no more o' that," and he sawed the images off. This was when the old man was quite a boy. Dr. Jessopp thought that the Rood had been suspended from the roof, and that when it was destroyed the images on the beam were left undisturbed. Be that as it may, it is pleasant to think that all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, generations of shall boys, as they sat in Fransham Church, say, during the reading of the Canons (which took place periodically) or, on the Sunday before Guy Fawkes Day, of the Act of Parliament decreeing the special form of thanksgiving for the fifth of November (as was also customary) could not only comfort themselves with apples, but also had something to look at. They didn't know who they were, or why they were standing on the top of the screen; but they could sit and "watch the



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images." The sunshine of 1810, as it fell through the windows of Fransham Church, lit up the blue robe of Mary and the gold hair of St. John, as it had done for four hundred years. By 1820 the screen was dead and blank, and the images had long been burned as firewood. What a field for their operations, by the way, Will Dowsing and his company of church wreckers must have had in the Eastern Counties! There are some glorious angel roofs still existing, as at March, in Cambridgeshire.

The whole essay is excellent reading. We like the story of the "dissolute old roisterer, called Marshall," who was confined one night in the "cage" at Dereham. We admit that this implement of discipline is new to us, at least as being in use in English villages or small market towns in comparatively recent times. We knew, of course, that it was employed by Louis Onze for bringing down the proud look and high stomach of Cardinal La Balue and other recalcitrants. At Loches, however, the victim remained in the cage for eleven years or so; at Dereham, for one night:

"He roared like a bull and called for beer, and said he was going to die of cold. So some of his mates brought him a quart of beer. But they couldn't get it thro' the bars of the cage; so they brought him a long old tobacco pipe, and he sucked up his beer thro' that."

All such stories, and the talk of the old people in villages, show a rough spontaneity, vitality, and joy of living. According to Dr. Jessopp, these qualities have decreased in the agricultural poor. We ourselves believe that they were starved out of them in the bad old hungry times. There has also been a great amount of meddlesome restriction and repression, tending to set up an insipid hypocrisy as their usual attitude.

The really old people have some strange tales to tell anyone who will listen to them. We read recently an account in the newspapers of an interview with an old gentleman born in 1810, and still living at Hounslow at the age of a hundred and four. He was speaking of something which had happened in the year 1845. "About this time," he added, "a trooper named John White was flogged to death in Hounslow Barracks." At the time this seemed to him a fitting theme for the grave and chastened meditations of the Tragic Muse. He was used to spend his leisure in composing poetry, and still remembered, from the account it seemed with some pride, the quatrain he made on the occasion of this incident:—

"He died by the laws of his country,  
His body all covered with scars,  
So people have cause to remember the death  
Of John White of the Seventh Hussars."

It is odd to reflect that all through the agitation about the Oxford Tracts, the Gorham Judgment, the Papal Aggression, the thunders of Lord John Russell, the charges of the Bishops, the riots in defence of the black gown, British soldiers were being flogged, sometimes, as in this instance, literally to death. Flagellation, *usque ad mortem*, was part of the sacrifice demanded by the ruling classes of the populace for the sake of discipline, of patriotism, of the country under whose just and equal laws they enjoyed the inestimable benefits, unknown to foreigners, of the British Constitution and the Protestant religion, and by which, since 1688, their civil and religious liberties had been guaranteed.

But we do not wish to make Dr. Jessopp's pleasant book the occasion of a political diatribe. The venerable author expressed his doubt "whether before another century has ended there will be such a thing as an agricultural laborer." His own life was spent in the county of Joseph Arch. It is a gladdening thought that Agricultural Laborers' Unions are again coming into existence. The employers hate the idea of them. But they may be the first signs of a new spring-time, the hope of a new life, and prosperity for the decaying peasantry of England.

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"Clement of Alexandria." By JOHN PATRICK, D.D. (Blackwoods. 7s. 6d. net.)

MORE than a generation ago Mark Pattison, surveying the English Church of his time from the point of view of

learning, remarked that the phrase "a divine and a scholar," long the highest eulogy of the clerical character, was out of date. "Active clergyman" is now our favorite form of approbation. The term is an appropriate one; for the merit commended consists, in no small degree, of bodily locomotion. Energy, without development of either mind or character, appears to define the type of clergyman which the Church revival tends to form." And the Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge has reminded us, more recently, that "for good or for evil the Anglican clergy have become a class of parish priests." This is the key to the religious situation in which we find ourselves. It explains the change that has come over the Church and the clergy; the increasing divergence between the clerical and the lay mind. In Clement of Alexandria we have a clergyman of another order. He was a lover of knowledge for its own sake; he conceived religion as the first flower of philosophy, the supreme growth of thought. The "particular and inferior mentality" of the priest was foreign to him. He had sympathy with the weak brother—who in our time has become the strong brother—on ethical and practical, but not on intellectual questions: he was not free from what his biographer calls "a touch of the arrogance of philosophical culture" in his attitude towards the Zanzibarism of the day. On one occasion, stung by the insolence and impatient of the stupidity of this faction, he breaks out: "If this faith of theirs—for I cannot call it knowledge—be such that it can be dissolved by plausible speech, let it be by all means dissolved, and let them confess that they will not have the truth." It might be the Dean of Durham in Convocation, commenting on the "Church Times"—were it not that Professor Patrick assures us that "this temporary outburst is altogether foreign to his usual mode of thought."

Second only to that of Rome in importance, and its superior in mental activity, the Church of Alexandria exercised from the first a predominant influence not only on African, but on Eastern Christianity. It was a stronghold of orthodoxy; but orthodoxy is an inadequate guarantee of virtue; the account of the city given by the Emperor Hadrian may chill those who associate fervor and purity with the early age of the Church. "Those who worship Serapis," he says, "are in fact Christians; and those who call themselves Christian bishops are devotees of Serapis. There is no head of a Jewish synagogue, no Samaritan, no Christian presbyter, who is not an astrologer, a fortune-teller, or a conjuror. They have but one god—money; him Christians, him Jews, him all the peoples adore." Clement was what Mr. Birrell disparagingly calls "a truth-hunter" born. He was an Athenian by birth, and his family was pagan. By temperament as well as by origin a curious Greek, he possessed a full share of intellectual inquisitiveness, and, in his youth at least, of the instability which this inquisitiveness so often connotes. He sought initiation into certain of the mystery-cults; he put himself under spiritual "direction"—the philosophy of the age was a mixture of theosophy and ethics—but he found what he was in search of neither in what has been called "the obscene supernatural" nor in the schools. The doctrine of Philo, while at once spiritual and academic, avoided the extremes both of Oriental superstition and of Stoic aridity. On this, as taught by Pantenus, a presbyter of the Alexandrian Church, and master of its catechetical school, he finally anchored himself; and, when he succeeded to the chair of this teacher, Alexandria became, in Neander's words, "the birthplace of Christian theology in its proper sense." He was not a fanatic. When in 202 the persecution of Severus broke out, he declined martyrdom, and fled, following the Gospel precept, to another city. He died, it seems, about 215.

Little detail of his life has come down to us; but his writings picture the man and the time. We may imagine him somewhat discursive, apt to go off into digressions, often long-winded, at times trivial, but at his best showing a sanity, serenity, and spaciousness of outlook which have seldom been equalled among divines. He lived in the predominate age; the so-called Evangelical doctrines are not found in him; the theory of the Incarnation is that now known as the Scotist; repentance after death was possible, for the will was and remains free. He was what would now be called a Broad Churchman. "Questions of ecclesiastical organization or ritual have little interest for him; no emphasis is put on the office of the bishop in relation to the Church



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or to truth." The notion of comparative religion was familiar to him:—

"He held with great firmness that Christianity, though divine in a unique sense, was not to be regarded as an isolated part of the history of the world, and that with regard to other forms of truth, it stood not in the relation of antagonism or complete independence but rather as the absolute stands to the incomplete and undeveloped. Starting from the principle that the Providence of God had been at work in universal history, and that all truth was from Him, he did not regard any aspect of it with jealousy, but welcomed it so far as it was true. To Clement a religion that appealed to the general heart of humanity, and claimed for itself universal homage, and at the same time was unrelated to other manifestations of the spirit of man, was an absurdity; for it would find nothing in man to appeal to, nothing to receive the seed."

His learning has been variously estimated. His writings are a treasure-house of the literature of his times; he quotes, it has been said, more than three hundred authors, whose names are known to us only through him. On the other hand, his style is mosaic; it is difficult to distinguish quoted from original matter; the conscience of the age was "not rigorous with regard to ownership of the results of intellectual toil."

Neither the traditionalist nor the ascetic fallacy had, as yet, Christianity in its grip. It was in paganism, then as now, that the horrors of primitivism lingered; an allusion in the "Protrepticus" suggests that human sacrifice was not unknown even at this late date in Greek religion, and the description of the idol priests recalls the modern yogi or fakir. "Look to those who serve the idols—their filthy hair, their ragged raiment, their nails like wild beasts' claws. 'It is not reasonable,' you say, 'to subvert the customs handed down to us by our fathers.' Why not, then, slobber as we did when children? Abhorrent to piety is this insane custom. Superstition destroys: piety saves. By your obsession with ancestral customs you keep off the truth." Neither flight from the world nor refusal of the duties of citizenship is counselled. "Till the fields, if you will; but, as you till, know God. Sail, if fond of seamanship; but invoke the Heavenly Pilot. If knowledge has come to you while soldiering, listen to the General who commands what is right." And, "not unreasonably the philosophers call ignorance a form of madness. Can we doubt whether it is better to be sane than insane?" At times a certain sententiousness, Stoic in origin, recalls the Sandford and Merton school. "Gold and silver vessels only deceive the vision: the Lord took his food in a homely bowl. Cheaper things are better than costly; for self-sufficiency only a few things are required." "One should not be grim, but grave." "If one has to sneeze or hiccup, let it be done as quietly as possible." "We must not sleep the whole night; still less must we sleep by day." And "We must sleep wakefully; the soul, which is ever in motion, needs no sleep."

No early writer so definitely stands for the reasonableness of religion. Its passion and strain are not found, or at least are not emphasized, in him. He is unlike St. Francis or Wesley; he is still more unlike the Gregorys, the Leos, the Innocents of the Middle Ages; in Convocation, whether in the Upper House or the Lower, there is reason to fear that he would often be in a minority of one. Is it fanciful to suppose that, were he with us to-day, he would be found among those liberal Christians who, in and outside the Churches, look towards the growing light and the increasing knowledge; whose watchword is that great saying quoted in the "Stromateis" as Scripture, though not contained in the Canon—"Thou hast seen thy brother; thou hast seen thy God."

#### "SWINDLERS ALL."

"The Romance of Fraud." By TIGHE HOPKINS. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Trial of the Seddons." Edited by FILSON YOUNG. (Hodge & Co. 5s. net.)

It is useless to deny that, for most of us, there is some unholy attraction in the vast and constantly replenished literature which deals with crime and criminals. It may be a debased taste, but it is none the less a fact to be reckoned

with, by publishers in particular. Whatever the respective literary merits of the two books might be, the chances are that "The Adventures of the World's Greatest Forger" would prove a better seller than "Pages from the Life of a Busy Arch-deacon." We may moralize on this, but the testing time will come when next we send in our order to the circulating library. There is a fair chance that a book with Mr. Tighe Hopkins's title will figure on our list, and who are we to say that it should not?

We have read the book with considerable interest. It covers a wide field of "pious frauds and holy shifts," and much of it will reconcile the reader to life in a prosaic and well-policed age. A chapter on The Inquisition should not be read late at night by any who are prone to dream. The picture which the author draws of the consequences of a citation before that awful tribunal is only to be matched by a stroll in the Church of St. Stephano Rotondo on the Coelian Hill, where innumerable rude frescoes depict, in painful detail, the incidents of the best authenticated martyrdoms. In the round church in Rome we may comfort ourselves by hoping and believing that the painters of these colored nightmares were stronger in imagination than in historical accuracy. This consolation is denied us in reading Mr. Tighe Hopkins's book, for there is too much reason to fear that he writes with grim knowledge, and without exaggeration. His "Gossip on the last of Newgate" moves us afresh to think with gratitude of the work accomplished by Elizabeth Fry and those who, inspired by her, found in the divine suggestion a personal message to visit our prisons. A letter of Charles Dickens to the "Times" in 1849 is quoted, denouncing the brutalizing horrors of public executions. Yet a further twenty years had to elapse before these hideous debauches came to an end. The writer well remembers hearing the late Sir W. S. Gilbert describe how, as a young man, he resolved to witness an execution at Newgate. He paid some £4 or £5 for the hire of an attic commanding a view of the scaffold. Determined to be in good time, and to get there before passage through the surrounding streets became too difficult, he made his way, breakfastless, to this room at daybreak. There he waited, steadily growing colder, fainter, and more shocked. At last, long before the hour of the execution, he fled, and was back in his own bed before the city air was rent by the final roar of that villainous crowd.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who has made a serious study of prisons, and has written in other places of penal reform, is full of curious lore about the way in which the master-thief works, and the writer of detective stories might do worse than turn to this book when the exigencies of his tale call for the introduction of an up-to-date and business-like burglar.

Another volume is issued in the series of "Notable English Trials." It deals with the case of the Seddons, man and wife, who were tried two years ago for the murder of one Eliza Mary Barrow. Seddon was convicted and hanged: Mrs. Seddon was acquitted. As the editor, Mr. Filson Young, points out, all the evidence of the prosecution was directed equally against the pair of them, and Mr. Filson Young is himself in no doubt that Seddon owed his conviction, in the main, to the fact that he elected to give evidence. The Act which permits the prisoner on a capital charge to pass from the dock to the witness-box is certainly a two-edged weapon, and is probably a provision which should only be utilized by the strictly innocent. Seddon in the witness-box was too jaunty, too cool, too clever for the jury who sat listening and watching. Just as the new M.P. does well to halt and stammer a little, though he may know his speech by heart, so the clever criminal would be well-advised not to be too clever.

Reviewing another volume of this series in these columns not long ago, we were bold enough to declare that the plain shorthand note of a criminal trial was to be preferred to much of the sham crime which forms so considerable a part of the modern detective novel. But there are trials and trials. The book we were then noticing was the story of the Maybrick case, and after reading this volume on the Seddons (another crime of poisoning by arsenic), we are almost inclined to recant. The narrative covers 420 pages of close print, and though the book is a model of careful editing, with an admirable introduction by Mr. Filson Young, we are tired of the sordid story before we reach the end. Why,





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it may be asked, should one case of arsenical poisoning differ from another in this degree? We hazard the guess that it is because the Seddons were essentially commonplace-folk, living in dreary and drab surroundings: Seddon's crime being planned and carried out in order to gain possession of a couple of thousand pounds belonging to an unpleasant woman of dirty habits and alcoholic tastes. Mrs. Maybrick, on the other hand, was young and pretty; she and her husband were of comfortable means, moving in a certain range of society in their district: the woman fell in love with another man—and Mr. Maybrick died. The figure of the complacent Frederick Henry Seddon is less agreeable to watch in the high ordeal of a trial for murder than was the youthful and attractive American widow. Besides, in her case we were left in some small doubt as to whether she was guilty, and after reading Mr. Filson Young's book, we feel pretty sure that, frightful as the penalty is, the jury in this Seddon trial were justified when, through their foreman, they uttered the fateful word "Guilty."

H.

## A PARODIST.

"Steps to Parnassus, and other Parodies and Diversions."  
By J. C. SQUIRE. (Howard Latimer. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE odor of comparison can be sniffed everywhere in this generation, and the less erudite the critics, the more lavish their exploitations of living and deceased *litterati* to embellish their text. Thus Mr. Squire, in this volume of parodies and the like, with its elder brother, "Imaginary Speeches," is almost invariably hoisted into the company of "J. K. S.," Calverley, and Sir Owen Seaman, because, we conjecture, the reviewers were unable to think of other parodists, and the authors of "Rejected Addresses" were not punctilious for the survival of their names. But the classicism, the regard for form, the whole attitude and environment of this trio of knight-errants, are the antithesis of Mr. Squire's engaging and mercurial irresponsibility. He is the literary *picaro*, wearing no man's livery. It is not Mr. Shaw, with all respect to "Max's" cartoon, who stands on his head, but Mr. Squire, and in our most solemn cathedrals of letters. The critics offer their hecatombs of praise to Mr. Masfield, and he buzzes—an incorrigible hornet—in his bonnet. The "high-brow" drama stalks magnificently, and he is a terrier biting at its heels. The literary press, with its pomposity, its *clichés*, its plagiarism, and its vernacular, he affronts with the malevolence of a disillusioned son towards the pretentious parent he has ceased to respect. His series of imaginary reviews is a pungent commentary upon our distorted values and the maladies incident to our lack of adequate criteria in criticism. One of them, when it appeared in a periodical—"Prolegomena for a System of Intuitive Reasoning, by F. W. Wiertz"—provoked a pyrotechnic display, to the infinite diversion of the less credulous among Mr. Squire's readers. A student of philosophy wrote to the periodical, thanking the reviewer for his introduction to a philosopher he had, by some mischance, omitted to read, at the same time, mildly animadverting upon Wiertz's presumptuous and anarchistic principles, especially his language to the eminent Fichte, whom, Stirner-wise, he had dubbed "the echo of a bad smell." We give an excerpt from the review:—

"But this super-phenomenal agency can only be grasped by super-phenomenal means; and here Wiertz's years in the laboratories came to his rescue. He had noticed, when weighing sections of an amoeba, that the weight of the sections was always less than that of the whole, and that the discrepancy varied with the temperature, being greatest when the temperature was high and least when it was low. For this residuum, to which he chose to give the name Supraliminal Intuition, he discovered the formula:  $\cos 65 \log 2 = 23 \sin 45 \times \sqrt{2}^{12}$ . On this formula . . . he built . . . his theory, or, rather, his working hypothesis of the Intuitive Reason."

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the resurrection of Wiertz was that the present reviewer accidentally discovered that an obscure philosopher named Wiertz existed in the middle of the nineteenth century, though neither Mr.

Squire nor his ingenuous correspondent had ever heard of him. We believe that an even more ludicrous situation was engendered through Mr. Squire's critique of "The Seventeenth Canto of Byron's Don Juan," resuscitated by "Mr. Ellis, of Newton Grange."

All this facile and spontaneous "leg-pulling" is vastly entertaining, but it would be grudging to Mr. Squire's purpose to dismiss this volume merely as a masquerade in motley. It will serve rather the function of the chorus of the play, interpreting and analyzing the dramatic action, in the same manner as the Fool in "King Lear" mirrors the play's conscience.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"An Unknown Son of Napoleon (Count Léon)." By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

COUNT LÉON, to whose dingy career M. Fleischmann has devoted this volume, was the son of Napoleon and Madame Eléonore Revel, the pretty wife of a fraudulent quartermaster in the Army. Napoleon pensioned the mistress, and settled a large sum on the son. When Waterloo had ended Napoleon's sovereignty, Léon and his half-brother, Count Walewski, were among those who visited the Emperor at Malmaison, and a reference to both was made in the "Instructions to my Testamentary Executors," dictated at St. Helena. After his father's downfall, Léon's life was little more than a succession of disreputable episodes. The event which created most scandal was a projected duel between him and his cousin, the future Napoleon III., on Wimbledon Common, which was only prevented by the arrival of the police. For the rest, he was an unlucky gambler, a writer of begging-letters, and he was buried in a pauper's grave in 1881. M. Fleischmann's book contains all that is known of Léon's existence. Its main interest is the light which it throws upon the *coulisses* of the Second Empire.

\* \* \*

"The Land of Open Doors." By J. BURGON BICKERSTETH. (Wells Gardner. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BICKERSTETH is to be congratulated on having written one of the freshest and most vivid accounts of the daily life of the rail and lumber camps of North-West Canada that has yet been published. Its success is due in no small measure to the fact that it consists of letters written to his relations at home, setting down in simple and straightforward manner everything that he saw and heard. Mr. Bickersteth volunteered for two years' work as a layman on the Archbishop's Mission at Edmonton, and his work was mainly among the lumbermen and the laborers employed on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. His letters describe his daily intercourse with the people, and give a fascinating picture of their kindly hospitality, rough good-nature, endurance, and courage. Many of them deal with the difficulties of the Church in those newly settled regions, but one gets most attractive glimpses of the whole country, and the miscellaneous crowds from all nations who are building it into a civilized State. In one respect only, does the book fail to do justice to its title. Mr. Bickersteth writes of heart-breaking scenes on the quay at Quebec, when families were separated by "ruthless immigration agents." This, surely, is not to the credit of "the land of open doors."

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at the end of the mountains' stress and solitude. Mr. Farrer describes fluently and sometimes well; but he is a prince of egotists, and the egotistic note is not always interesting, nor even amusing. Hence, one gets rather less about the Dolomites, and rather more about Mr. Farrer's personal likes and dislikes than one wants to know. Mr. Compton, the illustrator, has made a special study of mountains, and his direct and honest craftsmanship is seen here to good advantage. There is a fine structural sense in his rendering of these serrated peaks, as he draws them uncompromisingly in their sharp outlines seen against the clear atmosphere; the pictures should tempt the true mountain-lover. While, to return once more to Mr. Farrer, his bent has at least the practical value of indicating how to explore the Dolomites without foregoing those luxuries of civilization which the average British traveller holds so dear.

**Pennell of the Afghan Frontier.** By ALICE M. PENNELL. (Seeley. 10s. 6d. net.)

DR. THEODORE PENNELL'S name was known all over North India when he died a year ago at the age of forty-four. His work as a medical missionary took him among the wild frontier tribes, but as Lord Roberts mentions in a short preface in the present volume, he never carried a weapon of any kind, and he wore down opposition by sheer force of personality. His best service was in connection with the Bannu hospital, where 34,000 separate cases were treated in a single year. Pennell's book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," contains an excellent account of the district where he spent his most energetic years. In the present biography there are further details of Pennell's labors and travels. He does not seem to have been very successful in making converts to Christianity, though he neglected no means of fitting himself for his task, even to learning Persian and Arabic, as well as the frontier dialects. As Lord Roberts says, he was a power for good in the field of his labors, and the crowds of tribesmen who were present at his funeral attest the influence which he exerted.

**"The Round Table."** By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH Lowell will hold a place among the great American writers of the nineteenth century, he never fulfilled the high expectations of the brilliant little society of men and women in and around Boston sixty years ago. A few years of heated passion evoked the superb satire of "The Biglow Papers"; but, afterwards, the oppressive atmosphere of literary culture and the allurements of diplomacy and of society stifled his genius. Even through the charm and occasional vigor of the published essays and addresses in "My Study Windows" and the volume opening with "Democracy" we can trace the depressing power of Bostonian culture. A keen, bright intellect, he spoiled his utterance by a devastating cult of style and a profusion of intellectual ornamentation. This volume of collected reviews shows in youth the same richness of imagination and the same exaggerated rhetoric. All of them are appreciations of famous books appearing in the 'forties, 'fifties, and 'sixties of last century. Thoreau's "Week on the Concord," Holmes's "Elsie Venner," and Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" (known over here as "Transformation"), are among the American reviews; Disraeli's "Tancred" and Lytton's "The New Timon" among the English. More interest perhaps attaches to an early and discerning appreciation of the first three volumes of the English poet, Browning, who was emerging into cultured fame in the early 'forties. The collection opens suitably with a showy but not uninteresting essay on "Nationality in Literature," prefacing a review of Longfellow's "Kavanagh," which he describes as "an exact daguerreotype of New England life."

**Fénelon: His Life and Works.** By PAUL JANET. Translated by VICTOR LEULIETTE. (Pitman. 5s. net.)

M. PAUL JANET'S biography of Fénelon, originally written for Messrs. Hachette's "Les Grands Ecrivains Français," is an excellent account in moderate compass of the life of the famous Archbishop. It treats in sympathetic fashion of Fénelon's many-sided activities, his work as educa-

tor, spiritual director, thinker, statesman, and literary critic. Fénelon has received a good deal of attention from modern writers. Some of the controversies in which he was a protagonist still exist, though they have assumed different forms, and the dispute between Bossuet and Fénelon has been treated as if the latter were in some sense a precursor of modernism. With greater justice, Lord Acton described him as one of the heralds of the French Revolution and the Platonic founder of revolutionary thinking. But in spite of all that has been written on Fénelon, Janet's book is still one of the best for the general reader. It has been admirably translated by Mr. Leuliette, who has also provided it with an introduction dealing with Janet's work and influence, explanatory notes, and some useful appendices.

**"Selected Thoughts from the French."** By J. RAYMOND SOLLY. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book consists of a selection of epigrammatic sentences and telling anecdotes taken from French writers, together with an English translation opposite the French text. One of the objections to a book of this type is that the reader soon becomes bored by a collection of terse sayings, however pregnant or even brilliant they may be. We have felt this less in turning over Mr. Solly's pages than in other volumes we have looked at. He has chosen his passages with considerable skill, and he has acquitted himself well in the very difficult task of translating them into English. As the book fits easily into the pocket, it is an admirable companion with which one can hold discourse at odd moments.

**"Human Quintessence."** By SIGURD IBSEN. Translated by M. H. JANSON. (Palmer. 5s. net.)

THIS is a translation of Dr. Sigurd Ibsen's "Menneskelig Kvintessens," of which a review by Mr. William Archer appeared in our issue for August 19th, 1911. It consists of four essays—"Nature and Man," "Why Politics Lag Behind," "On Human Aptitudes and a Human Art," and "Of Great Men: An Essay in Valuation."

**"A Handy Book of Curious Information."** By WILLIAM S. WALSH. (Lippincott. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the third of a series of similar volumes, and is intended to be a sort of supplement to the Encyclopedias. "It exploits such subjects," says its compiler, "as are deemed beneath the dignity of more pretentious works, or else such lighter aspects of familiar subjects as are similarly ignored by the Big Wigs." A dip into its pages shows that Mr. Walsh has been successful in bringing together a mass of curious information, comprising, as his title-page indicates, "strange happenings in the life of men and animals, odd statistics, extraordinary phenomena and out-of-the-way facts concerning the wonder-lands of the earth." The arrangement is alphabetical, and the subjects range from an explanation of the notation A1 in Lloyd's Register to an account of the sunken city of Ys.

### The Monthly Reviews.

THE Ulster question is, of course, discussed at length in the April reviews. Sir Henry Blake, Professor Dicey, Brigadier-General F. G. Stone, and Mr. W. S. Lilly write on the subject in the "Nineteenth Century"; while Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett and "Philaethes" express their respective views in the "Contemporary" and the "Fortnightly." Other articles deserving attention are "Labor Struggles in South Africa" by Mr. H. J. Poutsma, "Florence Nightingale on India" by Sir William Wedderburn, and "The Mexican Question" by Dr. Thomas Baty in the "Contemporary"; "The Unionist Party and Defence Policy" by "Custos" and "English Life and the English Stage" by Mr. J. F. Macdonald in the "Fortnightly"; "A French Ambassador's Impressions of England in the Year 1666" by M. Jusserand, "The New Hebrides Experiment" by Mr. John H. Harris, and "The Nature and Conditions of Peace" by Professor Spenser Wilkinson in the "Nineteenth Century"; and "The House of Lords and Party Honors" by "Fabricius" and "The Art of Biography" by Sir Edward Cook in "The National Review."



## THE BRITISH DOMINIONS GENERAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., was held at the rooms of the Institute of Directors, 4, Corbett Court, E.C., on Thursday, April 2nd, 1914, the Chairman of the Company (Mr. F. Handel Booth, M.P.) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. Gardiner, A.C.A.), having read the notice convening the meeting and the Auditors' Report—

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said:—  
Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I move the adoption of this Report and Accounts. I think you will agree that the Balance Sheet is a most excellent one, and shows the steady and continued progress of our Company. The Marine Premium Income has increased during the year by £5,633, which is not due to a large volume of business having been accepted, but to the rise in the rates of premium which have taken place on a large section of our business. The result, therefore, is that, although our Premium Income is larger, the quantity of business is smaller, and consequently the outstanding liabilities are proportionately less. In spite of this, however, the balance we have to carry forward is £14,333 more than last year. The total balance of the Marine Fund available is £257,381. We have transferred £5,000 to the Reserve Fund, making same £30,000, £12,979 2s. 9d. to the Investment Reserve Fund, making the total of this fund £31,500, which sum more than covers the depreciation of the securities, comparing the cost price with the market value on December 31st last. After deducting these amounts, we are still able to carry forward £239,483, which is £2,854 more than last year, a result which I am sure you will all consider extremely gratifying. Turning to our Fire and General Insurance section, which is worked on conservative lines, the Premium Income is £40,415, an increase of £15,973 over last year. After paying all claims, commissions, and expenses, and making due provision for intimated claims, the reserve for outstanding liabilities amounts to £20,541, which is just over 50 per cent., and in the opinion of your Board is more than sufficient to meet all requirements. The result of all the departments of the Company is that the Premium Income during the year has increased by £21,608, the Reserves by £35,297, and the Assets by £45,459. Following our usual practice, a detailed list of the Investments is appended to this Report, from which you will see the high-class securities in which the funds of the Company are invested. As I said earlier, your Directors have thought it a cautious and sound policy to take the market price on December 31st last, although there has been an appreciation since, amounting to £8,000. During the present year, 16,667 Ordinary Shares of £3 each were offered to the Shareholders, at a premium of £1 per share. The whole of this amount was applied for, and has been allotted. The capital of the Company to-day is £400,000 subscribed, and £300,000 paid-up. The £16,667 Premium received has been transferred to the Reserve Fund, which has reached £46,667. I think you will agree that the result places the Company in the foremost rank as regards financial position, our paid-up capital being one of the largest. It was very pleasant indeed to the Directors to find the shareholders so ready to take up this issue, showing as it does the confidence which they have in their Company. The £66,667 was invested when the market price was low, and a considerable appreciation, as I have said, has taken place since.

There is one other matter I should refer to. It is the first time we have been able to present to you our colleague, Mr. Frank Rogerson, whom, since we last met, has been invited to a seat on the Board to fill a vacancy. He of course stands for re-election, but I feel sure that the Shareholders will join the Board in expressing our gratification at Mr. Rogerson's presence in this position, and we all join in giving him a hearty welcome into the services of the Company. I now beg to move the resolution "That the Report and Accounts be adopted."

Mr. A. G. Mackenzie seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Gullick moved "That the dividend on the Preference Shares paid on January 1st be confirmed," which was seconded by Mr. P. H. Marshall, and unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Gullick also proposed "That a final payment of 3 per cent. be declared on the Ordinary Shares, which—with the payment already made, and which is hereby confirmed—making 8 per cent. for the year, and that the same be paid forthwith." The resolution, which was seconded by Mr. P. H. Marshall, was carried.

The Chairman next proposed the re-election of Mr. A. G. Mackenzie, F.I.A., as a Director.

Mr. Chas. Williams seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. P. H. Marshall proposed the re-election of Mr. Frank Rogerson as Director, who, he said, had always taken a very active part in the consultations of the Board.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. E. M. Mountain, and carried unanimously, Mr. Rogerson briefly returning thanks.

Messrs. W. Arthur Addinsell & Co. were re-appointed Auditors, on the motion of Mr. John Lion, seconded by Mr. Frank Slegie, Mr. W. A. Addinsell briefly acknowledging the appointment.

Mr. E. M. Mountain:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I thank you very much for the kind remarks that you have made regarding myself. I am very pleased to say that the last three years have been extremely prosperous years. Whatever success has been achieved, however, is very largely due to the hard work, judgment, and loyalty of the various managers of our different departments at home, and our various managers and chief agents abroad, also to the very excellent way in which the whole of the staff of the offices have performed their duties.

With regard to the outlook for Marine Insurance, I would like to say that last year has been a very interesting one. Underwriters' attention during the year was very largely directed to endeavouring to improve the conditions for Hull Insurance. They found themselves faced at the beginning of the year, with the certainty that all claims for damages and repairs would be considerably enhanced, owing to the advance in the cost of materials, of labour, and docking. As this class of business without these additional expenses, had not been, on the whole, profitable for some years, it was quite imperative that there should be a considerable rise. A powerful committee of the leading underwriters was formed to go into the whole question, and it was decided that an increase of 10 per cent. should be asked for all tramp steamers. Other improvements were also made, in connection with stipulating for Institute Warranties and Clauses in all policies, and limiting the amount to be placed on disbursements to 15 per cent. of the insured value. The Committee did much good work, and the results to the underwriting community were decidedly beneficial. In the nature of things, however, these arrangements cannot hold permanently, and, after existing for close on a year, owing to difficulties that arose and differences of opinion, it was decided that each underwriter should be free to follow his own inclination, but with an understanding—which was absolutely necessary, that there should not be any reductions made. Since that time, these conditions have been fairly well maintained. There have been practically no reductions in the rates on tramp steamers, and the Institute Warranties and Clauses, and the 15 per cent. disbursements clause have all been obtained. In some cases, however, a slight reduction in values has been made. Personally, I do not think that at the present moment these reductions are in any way justified, because, although the

10 per cent. rise was obtained last year, no underwriters have yet had time to know how the increased cost of repairs, which has undoubtedly existed, and which does exist to-day, perhaps in a little less form, will work out, and they will not be able to tell or form an opinion for a further year. It therefore seems to me that it is taking a very sanguine view to start to give any reductions, however slight they may be, when it may possibly be discovered that the 1913 section of this class of business may not, when it is wound up, leave any profit. During last year we considerably reduced our Hull account, and, in view of the outlook, we are considerably reducing it during the current year.

Turning to the Insurance of American Hulls, the bulk of which has for many years past been placed in the London market, we find the stress of competition is keener, with less justification, than on any other class of business. This is largely produced by the fact that during the last few years a large number of English and Continental Companies have flocked into the American market, and have made the necessary large deposit that is required by the laws of that country. Having made this deposit, they expect, and feel that they are obliged to have a very large premium income. Moreover, several of the American Fire Companies, following the example of the English Fire Companies, have taken up Marine Insurance. In consequence of this, the market in America is considerably larger than it has been in the past, and much of the underwriting in that country is at the present moment in hands which have not had very much experience of Marine Insurance business. As a result, a large number of American fleets have been renewed at a reduction in premiums, which is owing to the excessive competition, and at rates which are not justified, and cannot possibly leave a profit to underwriters. It is very disappointing to the London market to see this business passing, but no doubt when the newer markets, who are so readily accepting this business, have time to see the results, the business will once more be placed on a sounder and more reasonable basis.

With regard to hulls on the great lakes of America and Canada, you are probably aware that towards the end of last year there was a very great disaster, and a large number of steamers were lost in one storm in these waters, the total value of the losses amounting to £750,000 sterling on the hulls alone. Many of the steamers that foundered were amongst the finest on the lakes, and it opened underwriters' eyes to the fact that in writing risks in these waters they had a great many eggs in one basket. There has existed a committee in London, which, in conjunction with the committee in America, deals with these insurances. In view of last year's results, both English and American committees were of opinion that a substantial rise in premium would be obtained. Negotiations have taken place for the last two months, and have held every prospect of success, but, owing to the precipitate action of individual underwriters, who came into the market, and who accepted business on last year's terms, these negotiations were abortive, and the business has now been renewed on last year's terms, which is unfortunate.

With reference to cargo business, the competition in this class of business is keener than ever, but, considering the excessive competition, rates have been fairly well maintained.

Summing up the whole Marine Insurance business, I do not take a pessimistic view. I think that the little slackness which is apparent in the market to-day is caused by the extraordinary dearth of business at the present moment, and also by the rather remarkable absence of loss during the last three months; but I hope that, as the year continues and the normal flow of business starts to come into the market, that it will strengthen up again.

Now, as to Fire business, I have not much to say. We have continued to develop this class of business on very slow and cautious lines. We will not accept any business that does not appeal to us as first class, and the growth of this business is necessarily very slow. However, the results have justified our policy. You will see we have very full reserves—more than would be required to wind up our account. The account is growing in a very steady and satisfactory way.

Taking the review of our whole business for the year 1911 and 1912, the results of both of which are known, they have both been extremely satisfactory. The year 1913 up to date looks very healthy, and although it is too early yet to say with any certainty, I have every hope of the year turning out as well as the two previous years. 1914 has opened remarkably well, and I think we can look forward to the next year showing the same progress that we have been able to show during the past few years.

Mr. Mountain concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman and other Directors, which, after being seconded by Mr. W. A. Addinsell, was carried unanimously.

The Chairman having briefly acknowledged the vote on behalf of himself and his colleagues, the meeting terminated.

## CITY OF SINGAPORE NEW ISSUE.

The London City & Midland Bank, Ltd., Threadneedle Street, E.C., and branches, and the Mercantile Bank of India, Ltd., 15, Gracechurch Street, E.C., are authorized to receive applications for £300,000 City of Singapore Four per Cent. Sterling Debenture Stock. The Debenture Stock is redeemable at par on September 30th, 1963. The price of issue is 92 per cent., at which figure the yield to the investor is about 4½ per cent. The proceeds of the loan will be applied to sewerage scheme, gas works, new markets, and other public works, and the repayment of existing indebtedness.

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## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. March 27.	Price Friday morning. April 3.
Consols ... ..	75½	76½
Midland Deferred ... ..	72½	73½
Mexican Railway Ordinary ... ..	36	36½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	102½	100xd
Union Pacific ... ..	163½	164½
Turkish Unified ... ..	84	84
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889 ... ..	74	73

THE Stock Exchange is still waiting for a settlement of the uncertainty in home politics, but the opinion is gaining ground that matters will be straightened out in a way which will save the face of both parties, and at the same time satisfy both Ulstermen and Nationalists will be found before long. The next two weeks, at any rate, promise to be peaceful. The Home Rule Bill second reading is to be taken, it is true, but it is thought that a sort of truce will rule until Mr. Asquith returns from East Fife to resume his seat on the Treasury Bench. In fact, many believe that a settlement by consent is almost within sight. Mexican and Brazilian affairs are giving less cause for anxiety. Not very much news has come through from either, which in itself is a good sign. Huerta's Government seems to be gaining strength, and he is putting into operation a most ingenious plan for raising money. Its chief objection is that it involves the usual resource of the bankrupt Government, namely, a forced note circulation. Still, it looks like succeeding, as the support of the banks has been enlisted. Markets generally livened up on Wednesday, owing to the liberation of funds after the turn of the quarter. The knowledge that the Government's fiscal year had ended with a realized surplus of some £1,500,000, which goes to reduction of debt under the provisions of the Old Sinking Fund, was a factor which helped the Consols market to keep very cheerful, and they rose ½ of a point in the day. The remembrance of the way in which Consols led the rise of prices in January, imparted a firm tone to other markets, more particularly Home Rails, in which there were many improvements in the lines whose traffics have been showing up well lately, and in Dover "A," which rose very sharply. The traffics show up very well considering that the aggregates to date compare with a period which included the Easter traffics. The extra Easter traffic this year therefore will be so much additional gain in gross receipts, and the returns will probably show up well in three weeks' time. Argentine Rails also rose, although the traffics are not at all good.

## MORE NEW ISSUES.

Another batch of prospectuses has appeared this week, with attractions to appeal to investors of varying tastes. Ceylon caters for the Trustee with a million of 4 per cent. stock at 99 per cent., with a small bonus in the shape of a full payment of interest on the first interest date. The issue went off very well indeed, though it was thought that underwriters would get a good share of it, but that it would rise above par later on as investors absorbed it. A very attractive issue just outside the Trustee group was the Province of British Columbia 4½ per Cent. issue at 99, the lists of which are now closed. Its real price was only a fraction over 98, on account of the interest bonus included in the price making the yield £4 12s. per cent. The loans of Canadian Provinces are much superior to those of small Western municipalities, and probably the merits of their securities will be more fully realized later on. The Greek Loan has appeared after being talked of for several weeks; it gives a yield of between 5½ and 5¼ per cent., without

allowing for redemption. The strongest point in its favor is the supervision of the revenues by the International Financial Commission, who will see that its services are met if there is sufficient revenue, and they will do their best to make those revenues sufficient. Money spent on battleships, however, produces expenditure and not revenue, and Greek finance requires supervision on the expenditure side as much, or more than, upon the other side of the account. Another prospectus which appeared during the week was that of Electro Bleach and By-Products, Ltd., which is a resuscitation of the old Electrolytic Alkali Company, in which many investors lost money. The company works a patent process for the manufacture of bleaching powder and other soda compounds. The process is said to be all right, but the previous company was obviously very much over-capitalized. The prospectus very honestly sets out the profits of the old company, but the earning of the full preference dividend and debenture interest will be dependent upon economies estimated from the installation of new power plant. If the estimates are realized to the full, the company will earn high dividends; but, obviously, the investor who has no technical knowledge of the process is not in a position to decide whether the estimates are likely to be realized or not. A prospectus which the prospective investor will do well to scan very carefully is the Anglo-Cuban Mercantile Company, which proposes to work guano deposits in Cuba. The deposits appear to have been inspected previously by powerful interests, but not to have been worked.

## AN ARGENTINE DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Argentine Iron and Steel Company has issued a notification to the effect that the preference dividend is uncertain. This is a most unfortunate occurrence. The company is one of the promotions of Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co., who so far have been most successful with the Argentine ventures they have handled. Perhaps the best known is the Forestal Land, Timber, and Railways Company, which has given its shareholders splendid returns. Last December the company issued £150,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares, and there was no indication then that the business of the company was not in a flourishing condition. It is said that the fall in the price of materials is responsible for the position. The sales seem to have been good, but the necessity of writing down the stock-in-trade to present price levels has absorbed a large proportion of the profits. The directors expect to be in a position to make a more detailed explanation later on. The information to hand so far, however, would seem to indicate that shareholders need not get anxious regarding the future of the company. The iron trade in any country is a fluctuating one, and the prospectus showed that the company possess a very fine business, even if it is subject to the ups and downs of the industry generally.

In other directions, Argentina is not giving the British investor very much satisfaction. The railway traffics are very bad, and though the interim dividends of the Great Southern and the Western are at their usual rates, the outlook for satisfactory reports for the whole year is not very good. The Government bonds, however, keep very firm. The Budget provides for drastic reductions in expenditure, and when the country emerges from its present condition of stringency and want of confidence in business circles, its credit will probably be on a basis, relatively better by comparison with its neighbors than it has ever been before. The difficulties were caused primarily by the collapse of speculation in land values, and a country always suffers severely when inflation of this kind is followed by a real slump.

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